The Saturday Evening Post

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THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Somewhere, they say, across the sea,
There is an unknown strand;
It waits for you and waits for me,
That unseen, far-off land.

Let's seek it! In some fairy bark,
With wings of morning air,
We'll sail across the waters dark
And some day anchor there.

We'll anchor in the pleasant bay;
And oh what perfect peace,
If in that land so far away,
All cares and sorrows cease!

I've dreamed of that fair land, and yearned
To seek its balmy shores,
And many a time my eyes have turned
'Yond where Life's ocean roars,

To catch some glimpse of sunny hills
Beyond the waters wide,
But though my soul with longing thrills,
All glimpses were denied.

Oh, come with me! The tide is in,—
Its ebb shall bear us out,
Beyond the shores of doubt and sin,
To solve each vague, dim doubt.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNCIL.

While the travellers were listening with ever growing interest to the astonishing story told by Don Aurelio, other strangers, coming from all parts of the compass, flocked into the hacienda. They were principally rich landowners of the province, or persons compromised in previous struggles through their ardent love of liberty, and who, justly objects of suspicion to the Spaniards, could only find security in a general uprising. Don Annibal tried to offer all these visitors, the majority of whom were followed by a numerous and well-armed escort, a large and generous hospitality. Hence, the interior of the hacienda soon resembled a barrack, and though the dependencies of the mansion were large, they were crowded with men and horses, so that the latter were obliged to be placed in the court-yards and the gardens.

At four in the evening the number of strangers assembled at the hacienda amounted to upwards of four thousand, which formed an imposing force. Unfortunately, with the exception of a few experienced men who had fought during the first attempts made by the Mexicans to regain their liberty, the rest were only poor peons who had never smelt powder, and were completely ignorant of war. Still, whatever their intrinsic value might be from a military point of view, all these men burned with an ardent desire for liberty. They were devoted to their masters, and if well led, it was plain that a good deal might be expected from them; and that when once trained and disciplined, they would become not only formidable through their numbers, but also through their courage and the revolutionary fanaticism that animated them. In the meanwhile they offered a most miserable and pitiable appearance; pale, haggard, thin, scarce covered by their dirty ragged clothes, and mostly armed with pikes, bows and arrows, they could only excite a pity blended with contempt in the well-fed, disciplined, and thoroughly-armed Spaniards.

However this may be, Don Annibal de Saldibar saw them enter the hacienda with a joy which he did not attempt to conceal, and he augured favorably for the success of the plans he had formed, through the promptitude with which his friends replied to his summons. At length the moment arrived when it was impossible for another soul to enter the hacienda, and the last comers were obliged to establish themselves in an entrenched camp on the ground where in the morning so obstinate a fight had been waged with the Indians. At night the hacienda was surrounded as it were by a glittering halo, produced by the bivouac fires of the rebels who were encamped on the plain.

When all the persons Don Annibal expected were assembled he gave orders for the hacienda gates to be shut, doubled the sentries, advised the utmost vigilance, and entered the reception hall, whither he had ordered his servants to conduct visitors of high rank. This hall, which was of large, almost grand proportions, was filled by some two hundred persons, who were collected in groups and conversing together in a low voice, but with great animation. The entrance of Don Annibal was greeted with a prolonged Ah! which testified to the impatience of the visitors.

The haciendero, after gracefully inviting his guests to take the seats prepared for them, made his way through the groups, and approached a table covered with a green cloth, round which were already seated several strangers, among them being Don Aurelio Gutierrez, the two Canadians, and

THE DEFIANCE.

Viscachu, who had contrived unnoticed to find his way among the select company. Don Annibal waited until silence was established, then he bowed several times to the visitors, and asked to say a few words. Permission was at once granted, for the company were pleased in their hearts at thus seeing him take the initiative, and assume the responsibility of the events which were about to take place.

"Senores," he said, in a firm, distinct voice, "permit me in the first place to thank you cordially, in the name of the country, for the eagerness you have kindly shown in accepting my invitation, in spite of the difficulties of every description that opposed, the journey you were about to undertake, and the perils you must meet with on the road. In spite of our continued defeats since the day when the generous Hidalgo first called us to arms, in spite of the triumphs of our haughty oppressors, the cause we have sworn to defend, instead of being destroyed, has, on the contrary, prospered, because the cause is a holy one, as we fight for liberty, that undoubted right of all nations. Before approaching the immediate subject of our meeting, let me describe in a few words the events accomplished during the last twelve years, in order that we may be able to judge our position healthily, perceive whether the insurrection we are preparing is opportune, and if its success is so certain as is asserted."

"Pardon me, senor," said Moonshine, as he rose to interrupt him, "I perceive that you are preparing to discuss matters which are perfectly indifferent to myself and my companions, as we are foreigners; we, therefore, ask your permission to withdraw before we have heard any of your secrets."

At these words, uttered with that crafty carelessness characteristic of the French Canadian, the company rose tumultuously, and remarks were made violently from all parts of the hall. Some even shouted treachery. In a word, the confusion was tremendous. Don Annibal and Don Aurelio exchanged anxious glances, and tried in vain to appease the agitation of their friends, and establish some degree of order in the meeting. At length, by exhortations and entreaties, they succeeded in producing a semi-silence, of which they hastened to take advantage.

"What!" Don Aurelio exclaimed, addressing Moonshine, "are we not to reckon on you and your comrade?"

"For what reason should you do so?" the adventurer said, bluntly. "We have made no bargain; to my knowledge, you have made no proposition I am able to accept. *Viva Dios!* business is business. The honorable gentlemen I command have a right to ask me of an account of the blood they have sold me. I suppose that they do not fight for mere amusement."

"You are perfectly in the right," Don Annibal said, prudently and politely. "Still, your noble and devoted conduct this morning led us to suppose that you wished to defend our cause."

"A mistake," Moonshine replied, with a shake of his head. "My friend and myself only wished to give you a specimen of what these men can do—that was all. And then, again, could we honorably abandon travellers who trusted to our loyalty, and whom we had promised to defend?"

"Certainly not," said the haciendero; "and in the name of these caballeros, as well as my own, I thank you for your brilliant conduct, and the valiant assistance you rendered them."

The company were beginning to grow tired of this conversation which seemed to have no object. Shouts and threats were beginning to be heard again. Don Annibal understood that he must come to an end as quickly as possible.

"Tell me, senores," he said, "are you free from engagements?"

"Completely," the adventurer replied.

"*Do you feel disposed to fight for us?*"

"Yes, if your terms suit us."

"Very good. These are the terms. You, caballero, are appointed colonel of a regiment of cavalry, which you will undertake to organize, and of which your men will form the nucleus. Your pay will begin from to-day; your engagement is for three months; and you will receive a month and a half in advance. Do these terms suit you?"

"I find them very fair," the adventurer replied; "but how much will you give my comrades?"

"Two piastres a man. Is that enough?"

"Certainly, if you are not too exacting."

"What do you mean?"

"If you will shut your eyes to certain things which take place after a battle or a siege."

"Colonel, as your regiment is a free corps, it cannot be subjected to the strict discipline of regular troops."

"Very good, I understand," the Sumach said, with a wink of intense significance.

"Is that settled?"

"Yes; whatever may happen, I belong to you for three months."

"Good. As for you, senor," Don Annibal continued, addressing Moonshine, "what are your wishes?"

"Although my rifle knows how to talk when there is an opportunity, I repeat that I am no soldier; I only ask to serve you as scout during the campaign at the rate of six ounces a month. You can take it or leave it."

"I accept," the haciendero said, quickly.

"All right. You can count on me as on my friend."

Don Annibal, pleased with having settled this affair to the general satisfaction, and ensured the insurrection the assistance of men of tried bravery and exposure, received the congratulations of his friends, and prepared to continue his address. During this, Don Aurelio leant over to the adventurers.

"I was convinced that you would join us," he said to them, in a low voice.

"What would you have?" they replied, in the same key; "we have no prejudices, and came to this country to take service with one or other of the two parties. You met us first, that is all."

Don Aurelio could not restrain a smile of contempt, but made no answer. As for the Canadians, they were firmly convinced that their conduct was most honorable, and, as they were in a foreign country, they had the right of acting as they were doing; a reasoning which, by-the-way, was neither incorrect nor illogical.

"Senores," the haciendero continued, "since the time of Hidalgo, who, carried away by his enthusiasm, believed that it was sufficient to wish to be free to become so, our enemies have taught us to conquer them; the battles of Tres Palos, Palmar, Acatita de Bajan, Canutlo, Chimpancingo, and many others in which we defeated our ferocious adversaries, have proved that we were able to gain our liberty. Unhappily the death of Morelos, by delivering our enemies from their most formidable adversary, has plunged the nation into discouragement, and occasioned that discord which has glided into our ranks and once again riveted our almost broken fetters. Three mournful dates are marked in our revolutionary annals: that of March 22, 1811, on which Hidalgo was shot; December 22, 1815, on which Morelos shared the same fate; and lastly, December 18, 1817, which saw the brave and generous Mina also fall beneath the murderous bullets of the Spaniards. Do not all these glorious dead who lie in their blood-stained tombs excite you to emulate them? has their precious blood been uselessly shed? I do not think so; the glorious spark which is supposed to be extinguished is smouldering beneath the ashes, and one word, one cry from you will be sufficient to rekindle it. Will you hesitate at this supreme hour to rise and die, if need be, like those who so nobly preceded you in the arena?"

"No," Don Aurelio exclaimed enthusiastically, as he rose; "no, we will not hesitate, for at your summons, Don Annibal, we flocked to you, ready to recommence the struggle, no matter what may happen."

"Yes," observed a haciendero, whose white hair, lofty stature, and imposing glances inspired respect, "we are ready to fight and die if necessary for that liberty which is so dear to us; but courage is nothing without discipline; who will command us, who is the chief we can select? The revolutionary martyrology is already long in our country, although the contest only began ten years ago. In addition to the three heroes you have mentioned, Don Annibal, and whom the Spaniards cowardly assassinated, what has become of those heroes who are more obscure but equally worthy of mention, such as Matamorros, Galeana, Bravo, Mier y Teran, Victoria, and Guerrero? they are also dead or in flight. We do not lack soldiers but chiefs. What can we effect against the old Castilian general, against that viceroy Apodaca, who obtained from King Ferdinand the title of Count del Venadito for the assassination of Mina, and who, employing with diabolical skill the faults we have not ceased to commit, has almost succeeded in extinguishing that patriotic fire which emitted such dazzling flames but a few months back?"

"What!" Don Annibal remarked vehemently, "would you despond? Do you believe that chiefs will be wanting, and that Providence who has up to the present done so much for you, will abandon you?"

"Heaven forbid my entertaining such a thought," the old man replied; "for ten years I have furnished sufficient proof of my devotion to the cause of Independence for my opinions not to be suspected. As you said yourself, Don Annibal, the struggle we are about to begin must be decisive, and the last hour of liberty or slavery will strike for us! I confess with sorrow that although I have looked carefully around, I see no person capable of taking upon himself the perilous honor of commanding us, no one worthy of marching at our head, no one whose military talent can cope with that of the Spanish generals."

"Are you sure you are not mistaken? are you quite convinced that your memory does not fail you at this moment, and that all the heroes who formerly led us are dead?" Don Aurelio exclaimed, with a marked accent of irony.

The old man started at being thus addressed, and his brow was contracted as if by the weight of a sorrowful remembrance.

"Alas, Don Aurelio," he replied sadly, "one man alone has hitherto escaped the death which all his comrades suffered in succession; but his fate is only the more sorrowful. Confined in one of the dungeons of the old Mexican Inquisition, he drags on in despair the rest of a branded existence, which his tortures appear to have only left him through derision. That man, were he free, might claim the honor of commanding us, and we would gladly follow him. But, alas! what use is it opening such cruel wounds? He will never be free, he will never be allowed to see the sun again; he is compelled to die of misery in his fœtid dungeon."

"Are you quite sure of that?" Don Aurelio exclaimed. "Do you really believe that heaven has so utterly abandoned us, and that the man to whom you allude cannot recover his liberty?"

"Unhappily, I am but too certain of it. During the two years which have elapsed since the Spaniards have treacherously seized him, no one knows what has become of him. Shall I add that no one is certain that he is still alive, and has not been strangled in his dungeon by the Viceroy's orders?"

"Do you remember this person's name, senores?" Don Aurelio asked in a loud voice.

"Don Pelagio," the company shouted unanimously. "No one has forgotten it; his name is inscribed on our hearts."

"If he were to reappear, what would you do?" Don Annibal asked.

"It is impossible," the old man said, "he will not appear; when the Spanish lion holds a victim beneath its powerful paw, it does not let him go, but rends him asunder."

"But tell me," Don Annibal continued, pressingly, "if Father Sandoval reappeared, what would you do? answer me!"

"Since you insist on an answer," the old man said, with an accent of supreme majesty, "I will give it you clearly and categorically, in the name of all present, for I am persuaded that no one will dream of contradicting me. If Father Pelagio were to appear suddenly in the midst of us, we would immediately take an oath to conquer or die with him."

"Do you swear it?" Don Aurelio asked again.

"Yes, we swear it!" all present exclaimed, proudly.

Don Annibal took a step forward, and approaching Viscachu, who had hitherto remained modestly concealed behind Don Aurelio, he bowed to him with marks of the deepest respect, and taking his hand, said—

"Father, your excellency can throw off your incognito without fear; there are none but true Mexicans here."

CHAPTER X.

GENERAL FRAY PELAGIO.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which broke out among the patriots at this revelation which burst upon them like a thunder-clap. In truth, it was really Father Pelagio Sandoval. The result obtained by this surprise, which was so thoroughly to the Mexican taste, was immense. For a moment the worthy priest literally ran a risk of being stifled, so lovingly did his partizans press round him; every one wished to get near him, clasp his hand, or kiss some part of his garments. For more than a quarter of an hour there was an indescribable tumult and disorder in the hall; everybody spoke at once; each exalted the remarkable qualities of the chief who had been so long lost, and who reappeared, as if by a miracle, at the moment when they least hoped to see him.

The two Canadians were dumb with surprise; the effervescence, however, gradually calmed, and silence was re-established. Before aught else, Father Pelagio was obliged to explain to his followers in what way he had succeeded, after two years of captivity, comparable with the Neapolitan *carcere duro*, in leaving his dungeon by the aid of a faithful friend, in spite of the vigilant watch and constant espionage the Spaniards had established around him. So soon as he had satisfied their curiosity to the best of his ability, Father Sandoval, understanding the value of time well employed, and not wishing to let the enthusiasm of his adherents cool, naked leave to speak.

A deep silence at once fell, as if by enchantment, upon the crowd a moment previously so turbulent and disorderly; each with body bent forward, and an attentive ear, prepared to listen to the words which a mouth, they had fancied closed for ever, was about to utter. Father Pelagio still retained the calm, benign, and intellectual appearance which illumined his face the first time when we introduced him to the reader; a few wrinkles more, furrowed by the terrible struggle he had carried on for so many years, marked his pale forehead; his eyes had acquired a greater magnetic force, and his face pale and thinned by suffering, had assumed that appearance of asceticism which Zurbaran has so well depicted on immortal canvas.

In spite of his common dress, so soon as the priest had thrown far from him the broad-brimmed hat which partly covered his features, and, under the influence of the feelings that agitated him at the moment, drew himself up to his full height, his face changed so thoroughly, his demeanor all at once became so majestic, that all the spectators, when gazing on him, felt themselves filled with a respect for which they did not even attempt to account.

"Listen to me, brothers and friends," he said in that melodious and sympathetic voice which gained him all hearts, "Don Annibal said to you, only a moment ago, the time is ripe for our beloved country, the hour of liberty has struck for Mexico. If we really wish to break the yoke which has so long weighed on us, the moment for the final struggle has arrived; the salvation of our country depends on you, and all is prepared for the grand act which it is our mission to accomplish. Pay the greatest attention to my words, for the news you are about to hear is serious. You are ignorant, I suppose, of the name of the man who opened the door of the dungeon in which I was buried alive, without hope of ever leaving it; this man is Don Augustine Iturbide, the same man who shot Matamorros, that stoical martyr of our liberty—Iturbide, that ferocious colonel of militia, who has hitherto

proved himself the most obstinate enemy of the Mexican insurgents. Don Augustine Iturbide, that skillful, active, enterprising, and ambitious chief, who learnt the art of war in the ranks of our enemies, has all at once left the false path on which he has hitherto marched in order to become one of our most zealous defenders. Great changes effected in the mother country by the Riego's pronunciamiento, have led to the establishment of the Cortes, and the abolition of the Inquisition throughout the Spanish possessions. As you see, the times are changed, the sun is beginning to shine for us through the clouds, our most obstinate adversaries are becoming our warmest partizans. Lastly, the Count del Venadito has been recalled by the Spanish government and is no longer viceroy, his place being taken by O'Donoju. Let us take advantage of this interregnum, let us make our last heroic effort, and if we like we shall be free; our fate depends on ourselves, is in our hands. Shall we hesitate to rend our fetters?"

At these words, warmly pronounced with a cheering accent and inspired face, the audience felt electrified; an indescribable enthusiasm seized on them, and drawing their sabres and swords, which they brandished over their heads, they shouted, in a voice of thunder, "Liberty! Liberty!" The priest waited a few minutes, until the generous effervescence caused by his speech had slightly calmed; then, commanding silence by a gesture full of majesty, he continued—

"Iturbide is only waiting for our signal to declare himself for independence, and overthrow the metropolitan government; the southern provinces are already in a flame. Shall we remain behindhand? You are all witnesses of what took place here this very morning; the Spaniards, advised by their spies of the meeting which was to take place at this hacienda, and having no plausible excuse to break it up, assumed the Indian garb to attack us, in order to deceive us, and be able, in the case of a check, to disavow all participation in this unjustifiable act. Their ostensible motive, it is true, senores, was to break up our meeting; but their real motive, the important object they had in view, was to carry me off, and thus paralyze your attempts at insurrection. Caballeros, brothers, and countrymen, one last word, which contains our thought, and traces our duty for us—'To arms! liberty or death!'"

The effect of these words, pronounced with feverish energy, was immense.

"To arms! liberty or death!" all his hearers shouted.

At this moment the door opened, and a young man appeared; it was Don Melchior, the lad saved by Don Annibal some fourteen years back, and brought up by him as his son. Don Aurelio had spoken the truth; Melchior was really a charming cavalier, tall and gracefully built, with regular, noble features, and soft black eyes. His dress, without being rich, was extremely neat, and held a middle place between that of the conspirators and of the desert hunters; a straight sabre, called a machete, unsheathed, and passed through an iron ring, hung from his left side, and the butts of two long pistols peered out of the *faja*, or red China crape girdle, fastened round his hips. Don Melchior, after looking curiously around him, glided through the groups and made his way up to Father Pelagio, in whose ear he whispered a few words; the priest started, and his face was slightly flushed, but, recovering himself immediately, he said, raising his voice so as to command attention—

"Senores, I have just heard something which neither you nor I anticipated. Count de Melgosa has just arrived at the hacienda, and insists on being shown in to you, as he says that he has matters of the utmost importance to communicate to us."

This news produced all the effect which the chief of the insurgents expected. All frowned angrily, and a menacing expression of dull irritation appeared on every face.

"What do you propose doing?" Don Aurelio asked.

"If our friends give their consent," Fray Pelagio replied, "I will receive him at once. What good is it any longer hiding ourselves? We have sufficient force to hold head against an enemy more dangerous than the count can be. Let us burn our vessels bravely, and make head against the storm. What matter whether our enemies learn two hours sooner or later, that we are recommencing the struggle?"

"Viva Dios, you are right," Don Annibal exclaimed impetuously, "let us confront the storm."

"Let us show," the old man supported him, who had already taken part in the discussion several times; "let us show these haughty Spaniards that we are not afraid of them."

"That is talking like a man of heart," Father Pelagio said with a smile. "Melchior, my child," he added, as he turned to the young man, "be kind enough to introduce El Senor Conde de Melgosa. So great a person must not be kept waiting any longer in the ante-room of a poor Creole."

The last words were uttered with an accent of pure raillery, which brought a smile to the lips of several of the hearers. Don Melchior, without replying, bowed to the priest and left the room. Father Pelagio then drew Don Annibal and Don Aurelio on one side, and began an earnest conversation with them in a low voice. The door ere long again opened and Melchior appeared preceding another person, whom he introduced as Count de Melgosa. At the time when we bring him on the stage the count was about fifty-five years of age, although he seemed scarce forty, so greatly had his powerful constitution hitherto preserved him against the assaults of old age.

He was a tall and well proportioned man, with a cold and ceremonious manner. His angular features were stern and haughty, and the expression of his face ironical. His eyes, deep set beneath his brows, flashed a gloomy and concentrated fire. There was about his whole person something stiff and constrained, which prevented sympathy. He was dressed in a rich military uniform, and wore the insignia of a colonel in the Spanish army.

A profound silence greeted his entrance into the hall. Not appearing at all affected by this cold and insignificant reception he lightly raised his hand to his hat without deigning to uncover, and walked with a firm and deliberate step up to Don Annibal de Saldibar, who, at a sign from Father Pelagio, came to meet him, moving aside the persons in his way so as to offer a free passage to a visitor who was so little desired. When the two men were opposite each other they bowed ceremoniously, and Dona Annibal, as master of the house, spoke first.

"What fortunate accident, my lord," he said, "procures me the honor of the unexpected visit which you deign to pay me?"

The count smiled bitterly, and, looking ironically round the company, whose eyes were fixed on him with an ill restrained expression of hatred and anger, said—

"An unexpected visit, I can believe, caballero; and, doubtless, very little desired."

"Why so?" Senor Conde, the haciendero continued with the most exquisite politeness; "be assured that I shall be always highly honored when you, the alcade mayor of the province, deign to visit my humble residence."

"Are you speaking seriously, Senor Don Annibal, and can I credit the words which it pleases you to address to me at this moment?"

"Why should it not be so, Senor Conde?" the haciendero said, with an almost imperceptible tinge of sarcasm.

"Why?" the count remarked with considerable vehemence; but at once checking himself he continued in that cold and lightly mocking tone natural to him, "A truce, if you please, to compliments and protestations in which neither of us believes, and let us come to facts."

"Be it so, Senor Conde," Don Annibal replied, still obsequious. "Let us come to facts, I desire nothing more."

There was a silence for two or three moments. At length the count continued—

"Caballero, I have come to visit you, not as alcade mayor of the province, a title I do not possess, and to which I have no claim, but merely as alcade of the town of Leona Vicario, in the territory of which your property is partly included, and to the jurisdiction of which you naturally append."

"Naturally!" the haciendero repeated. "Ah! I am under the jurisdiction of Leona Vicario. I thank you for the information, Senor Conde. I confess to you that I was completely ignorant of the fact, having, whether rightly or wrongly, a habit of recognizing no jurisdiction but my own in matters that occur on my estates."

"As you see, caballero, you are wrong."

"Be it so; but in my turn, Senor Conde, I will say, with your permission, enough of this. For I suppose that it is not with the purpose of giving me this most important information, for which I thank you, that you have ridden such a distance, and taken the trouble to come hither."

"You are right, caballero, I had another motive in coming here."

"And may I hope that you will deign to let me know it?"

"Without further delay, senor."

"I am waiting with the most lively impatience, Senor Conde."

"I have come, caballero," the alcade mayor continued with a tinge of threatening hauteur, "to ask you by what right you have assembled at your hacienda so large a number of individuals who have all been long known as haters of the king's government?"

Don Annibal was preparing to answer this question in a manner at least quite as haughty as that in which it was asked, but Father Pelagio, who had hitherto seemed to attach but slight importance to the conversation, suddenly drew himself up, and seizing Don Annibal by the arm gently thrust him on one side, and coldly said to the count—

"It is my place to answer this, Senor Alcade."

At this interpellation, which he was far from expecting, the count looked with surprise at the man who was addressing him, and noticing his shabby clothes said disdainfully—

"Who are you, my good fellow, and by what right do you take the liberty of addressing me?"

"Ah, ah, it appears that my disguise is good, Senor Conde," the priest said mockingly, "since you, to whom my features are so familiar, do not recognize me."

"Can it be possible?" the count exclaimed in surprise, after examining the speaker more attentively. "What, you here! Oh, I am no longer astonished at the ferments of revolt which are springing up again in all parts of the province. It is you, unworthy minister of a God of peace, who, forgetting your holy mission, are spreading discord and preaching insurrection to the masses."

"You are mistaken, count," the priest answered, "I preach a holy war: but, believe me, caballero, threats or insults are unadvisable between us; it would be neither prudent nor courteous on your part to offer them to me, and I warn you that I will not put up with them. You want to know what we are doing here? I will tell you. We are conspiring to overthrow the government you serve, and at the moment when you arrived we were taking an oath to conquer or die in regaining our liberty. Is there anything else you desire to know? Speak, and I am ready to satisfy you."

The count smiled sorrowfully.

"No," he answered, "poor madmen, I have nothing more to learn. What can you tell me that I do not already know? Was not the long struggle you have sustained up to this day sufficient to prove to you the inutility of a mad resistance against a power too strongly established for your obstinate efforts to succeed even in shaking it? Listen to what I am instructed to say to you in the name of his excellency the viceroy.

"Speak," Fray Pelagio said, coldly, "and speak loud, Senor Conde, so that we may clearly hear the propositions you have to make to us."

"Propositions?" he replied haughtily. "I have none to make to you. I have orders to intimate, nothing else."

"Orders? That is very haughty language. Have you forgotten where you are, and who are the men surrounding you?"

"I have forgotten nothing I ought to remember, caballero, believe me. Renounce an impossible contest; withdraw peacefully, all of you, to your houses; and possibly the government, taking pity on you, will consent to close its eyes upon this insensate and foolish attempt."

A frightful outburst of yells and threats greeted this contemptuous summons. The count, with a smile on his lips, a calm brow, and head aloft, remained unmoved by this general indignation.

"Silence," the Father shouted; "and you, Senor Conde," he added, addressing the alcade mayor, "how many lives have you to risk when you dare offer us such an insult? Do you think yourself in perfect safety? In your turn listen to our reply—it will be brief."

"I am listening," he said.

"The weapons we take up to-day we shall not lay down till the last Spaniard has quitted the soil of Mexico."

Frenzied applause and shouts of joy arose from all sides at these words.

"Be it so, senores," the count replied; "the blood shed will be on your own heads. In the name of the king I declare you infamous traitors, and, as such, outlaws. Farewell!"

And without condescending to bow to the company, the count, after looking defiantly around him, turned and left the hall with the same calm and measured step as when he entered it. Father Pelagio then bent down to Don Annibal's ear.

"Follow him," he said in a low voice, "and do not let him quit the hacienda till you know his instructions and the repressive measures the government intend to employ against us."

"That will be difficult," the haciendero observed.

"Not so much so as you suppose. The count is an old friend of yours. Take advantage of the late hour to oblige him to accept your hospitality, and remain here till to-morrow. In our present position, twenty-four hours gained may ensure the success of our plans. I reckon on your skill to decide him."

"I will try," Don Annibal answered, shaking his head doubtfully; "but I am afraid I shall fail in this delicate mission."

"Try impossibilities, my friend," Fray Pelagio pressed him.

Don Annibal bowed and left the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 17, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.50; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 22, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

FOOLISH LAWS.

We see it stated that by a recent law in England, parents who neglect their children may be sent to prison six months, and that a similar penalty attaches to the husband who fails to maintain his wife.

We do not see how sending the parents to prison, will cause their children to be taken better care of. While the parents are in prison, the children would run considerable risk of starving, or at least of becoming the street Arabs of society.

And so as to the husband who fails to maintain his wife. Will sending him to prison enable him to maintain her?

Such laws, if there really be such laws in England, are a proof of the want of good sense, if not of good feeling, in those who enact them.

The proper remedy for the gross neglect of children, is to take their children away from such parents, and organize an institution for the care and education of these unfortunate little ones.

And where a husband fails to maintain his wife; if he has money, enable her to get a share of it,—if he has wages, give her a right to demand a certain proportion of them from his employer—and if he has neither money nor wages, give her the right of divorce, upon sufficient proof of the fact.

This old-time remedy of putting people into prison for every conceivable offence, seems to us very often a very poor remedy. The crowning folly of putting a man into prison because he is unable to pay his debts,—as if he could earn money to pay them while confined in prison—is happily passing away. But there are other reforms in the same direction that the world would be better for.

Houses of Industry, both of a voluntary and of a compulsory character—where a man could find work, and be credited with his earnings—should take the place to a great degree of the old prison system. And even the prisons should be, as they could easily be made to be under proper management, self-supporting; and not be as they generally are now, burdens upon the honest and industrious portion of the community.

Complimentary but Unpleasant.

We were amused the other day at the reason a gentleman gave one of our clerks for stopping THE POST. He said:—"I used to take that paper, but stopped it, *because my neighbors borrowed it so much.*" This shows the danger there is in a paper's being too interesting. Had the paper not been so good, his neighbors would not have borrowed it, and he would have continued to be a subscriber.

We hope all borrowers of THE POST will take warning by this, and now that they see the injury they may do us, subscribe at once for a copy for themselves.

At the same time, we wish to express our thanks to those of our subscribers who submit to the inconvenience of lending their papers, in order to show their friends how interesting a visitor THE POST is.

WHOOPING COUGH.

DEAR POST.—I noticed an article in your paper of October 3rd, copied from the Providence Journal, on "Whooping Cough."

Either the writer did not know what he was writing about, or there has been a mistake in the spelling; for any one who knows anything about chemistry would know that *Carbonate of Lime* is *Common Chalk*, which I think has very little of the *odor of Coal Tar* about it.

I think the article intended was *Carbolate* of Lime, a compound of Carbolic Acid (or Coal Tar), Creosote and Lime.

Probably the compositor has made the mistake, by substituting an "n" for an "l."

I am not prepared to pass sentence on the efficacy of the receipt, but if it was to be tried as printed, I am afraid it would not be of much benefit.

Yours truly, "DRUGGIST."

[*Note.* Undoubtedly there is a mistake, as supposed by our correspondent, and it should have been printed "Carbolate of Lime." We thank him for the correction. Compositors sometimes make mistakes by being "wise above what is written." It was not however the fault of *our* compositors.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A WISE POLITICIAN.—It having been reported that District Attorney Hall, of New York, was about to sue the *Tribune* for libel, that gentleman denies it in a letter to the *Tribune* as follows:—

"I have only to say good humoredly, that I inserted in *The Leader* a squib for the express purpose of drawing any fire. I was suffering in political circles from the omission of my name when my associates were assailed.

"One-sixth of the notoriety and consequence in political circles I have, is due to the so-called *Tribune* quarrel with me; and so far from ever complaining or bringing suits, I will at all times heartily, selfishly and sincerely thank you to say and write anything against me you please, and even furnish material if you will allow me."

This reminds us of the man out West who was a candidate for Congress, and finding his chances of election very slim, went and stole a pig, just for the sake of having his opponents raise a hue and cry against him. The thing worked as he had supposed. The people were outraged by so gross a charge being brought against one who had always conducted himself as an honest man and good citizen; and on the tide of sympathy thus created, he floated triumphantly into office.

SAFETY ENVELOPES.—We have received a box of "Fitzki's Patent Safety Envelopes." The idea is, by passing one end of the envelope through the other, to prevent the letter being opened without the tearing of the envelope. For sale by H. Baker, 107 North Fifth street, Philada.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TIM BUNKER PAPERS; OR, YANKEE FARMING. By TIMOTHY BUNKER, Esq., of Hookertown, Conn. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LITTLE WOMEN; OR, MEG, JO, BETH AND AMY. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HOW TO CONQUER; OR, ALLEN WARE. A Temperance Tale. By CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE. Published by James S. Claxton, Philada.

THE EXPERIENCES OF TOM AND SARAH NEAL. By MRS. JOSEPH LAMB, Author of "How Charlie Helped his Mother," &c. Published by James S. Claxton, Philada.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Shelley's Monument.

The memorial to the poet Shelley in Christchurch, England, consists of the figure of Mrs. Shelley, partly supporting on one knee the body of her husband. Pieces of sea-weed and rock round his feet, and the prow of a boat at the side, tell of the manner of his death. Mrs. Shelley's pure classic features seem moved with bitter grief as she gazes wretchedly into the face of the dead. One of her arms is at the back, the other lies on his bare chest. The aspect of Shelleys countenance, and the pose of his limbs are dreadfully eloquent not only of death but of death by drowning. This strikes every spectator who has had the pain of looking upon a body taken from the water. The figures are life-size. Beneath, the following words are chiselled. I quote them precisely as they are given:

To the Memory of
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Poet.
Born at Field Place in the County of Sussex.
August, 1792.
Drowned by the upsetting of his boat in the
gulf of Spezzia July, 1822.
His ashes are interred in the Protestant
Burial Ground at Rome.
Also to the Memory of
Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, his wife.
Born August 30, 1797: died February 1,
1851.
Her remains are interred, together with
those of her father, William Godwin,
And her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin,
in the churchyard at Bournemouth.

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow
stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in
vain;
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented
urn." SHELLEY'S ADONAIS.

☞ A lawsuit, it is reported, has been pending for two years in Bloomfield, Conn., in reference to a property not exceeding 25 cents in value. Fifteen hundred dollars have already been spent in the contest. The parties are worth over two millions of dollars.

☞ "Make way, gentleman!" cried a fussy office holder to some people the other night at a political meeting. "make way, we are the representatives of the people!" "Make way yourself!" replied a sturdy member of the throng; "we are the people themselves!"

THE LOCUSTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—There seems to be a difference of opinion on what ought to be plain to every observer, "*old* or *young*," that is the time elapsing between the periodical appearances of the insects known as "locusts."

The controversy going on in the columns of THE POST, causes me to think there must be some mistake with respect to time or place, made by "Old Observer," or else that there are "thirteen year locusts" in some States.

The earnest desire expressed by both parties to the controversy, to have testimony from all parts of the country, induced me to add my observations.

The first locust year that I witnessed was 1834, during my residence in the city of Philadelphia. I have learned that 1851 and 1868 were locust years in that city and vicinity.

In 1835 I removed to Greene county, the most south-western part of Pennsylvania. Since that time I have resided here. The first locust year I witnessed in Greene county was 1846, the second 1863. People who reside here, and can remember forty years back, agree that 1820 was locust year in this part of the country. All look forward to 1880 as the coming one.

It is evident the locusts appeared in the eastern part of Pennsylvania in 1834, 1851, and 1868, intervals of seventeen years; in the western part in 1820, 1846, and 1863, intervals of seventeen years, so far as my observations go. "Eastern papers," or western rustics, need no apologists for "seventeen year locusts."

I have noticed the marked difference in locusts, with respect to size, color, and *notes of music;* but they all kept *time*, came up together, occupied the same orchards and forests, and seemed to be the same with a difference.

That the luxuriant soil of some of the states does produce locusts in *thirteen years*, or that there are different *kinds* with different *times*, I leave to others to determine. I have stated the matter as far as I know, and await further investigation.

C. C. CHAMBERS.

Ryerson's Station, Greene Co., Pa.

The Philadelphia Ladies.

The New York Musical Review utters the following:—Concerning the young ladies of Philadelphia, it is said that they could not walk to an evening concert, or lecture, or other place of amusement. The beaux, consequently, have to stand the damage of carriage hire. To walk to a place of amusement, even on a pleasant evening, is considered infra dig. This makes sad havoc with the pocket money of the young gentlemen who do these things; but the girls are inexorable. A New Yorker once expostulated with a company of young ladies on this point; but they maintained that any one who considered herself a lady would insist on the carriage. "How do you manage with your New York ladies on such occasions?" asked one of the fair disputants. "We 'bus 'em," replied the gallant New Yorker. "O, well, we shouldn't object to that," was the general response. [We can assure the editor of the Musical Review that he has been grossly misinformed. The young ladies of Philadelphia do generally walk to Concerts, Lectures, and Theatres; and though they like to ride to Operas, they do not in one case out of three do it. As to their not objecting to 'busses, that depends entirely upon the peculiar circumstances of each case, and is not subject to any general rule.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A Rival to Dr. Cumming.

A formidable rival to Dr. Cumming has arisen in Australia, and has published a book containing the most dreadful prophecies, supported by incontrovertible passages of Scripture. His readers are informed that, contrary to common belief, the earth, instead of being orange shaped, has the shape of a pine-apple, and is elongated instead of being flattened at the poles; that this elongation has got such a pitch that the earth is about to change its centre of gravity. Rome is to be suddenly overwhelmed, and seen no more for ever; and the whole Northern Hemisphere will share more or less in the tremendous disturbance. The dwellers on the north side of the equator are informed, however, that by emigrating immediately to Australia they may escape the threatened cataclysm, and, after it is over, return to enjoy the new earth, which is to be so pervaded with currents of magnetism and electricity that the soil will be fruitful beyond the power of the liveliest imagination to conceive, and man is to live as long as the oak of the forest. The expounder of this theory threatens to come out with another and bigger book next year, supported by more Scripture; from which we infer that the Northern Hemisphere is in no immediate danger.

Unfair Preaching.

A correspondent of a cotemporary, protesting against the preaching of long sermons, dwells with a particular sense of injury upon the tactics employed last Sunday by his own clergyman. "I appeal," he says, "to you and to the public whether this was fair, viz.: to say 'Lastly;' then after a long interval, 'Finally;' then 'Time permits me to say no more than these last words;' then, 'To conclude;' then 'Just once more;' and yet go on and on as if the sermon had only just commenced? Further was it fair, after coming to the end of a pathetic description, which I venture to say nine-tenths of the congregation took to be the end of the sermon, to use the words 'And now,' in the accustomed tone, which caused me and some others to rise with commendable alacrity, and yet to follow them up, not with the well-known formula, but with 'Once again?'"

☞ THE RAT QUESTION.—Kit Burns is a philosopher. He says: "Mr. Bergh calls a rat an animal! Now, everybody of any sense knows that a rat is a vermin. Wouldn't he kill a rat if he found one in his cellar? Of course he would. But would he kill a horse if he found one in his yard, or even in his parlor? Of course he would not. Why? Because a horse is an animal, but a rat ain't. I know rats." Pretty good logic for Kit.

☞ The man who invented the ink with which greenbacks are printed made an immense fortune, as the chemicals of which it is made can neither be photographed nor turned black.

☞ Whatever may be the end of man, there can be no doubt, when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and roads, that the end of woman is—"dust."

Tea and Coffee.

BY DR. HALL.

"Once upon a time," not very long ago, a party of men left Salt Lake City for St. Louis, with the United States mail, to be delivered at Independence or "*St. Joe.*" It was winter. They found the prairies covered with snow, and finally their "*animals*" perished with hunger; at this stage the six men found themselves utterly destitute of food; the game had taken to the woods, there were no rivers, the ground was covered with snow, they were still hundreds of miles from their journey's end, while the bleak winter winds whistling across the wide prairies in unobstructed fury, froze them sometimes almost to the heart's core. All, absolutely all they had to subsist upon under these desperate circumstances, was snow water and a quantity of green coffee; this they burned, and boiled in snow water, and upon it travelled for six days, until they reached a place of help. These are the bare facts of the case, as reported to Government, and demonstrate that coffee, alone, is a sustenant, as well as a stimulant, that it contains the elements of nutrition, consequently it is not a mere stimulant, and all that has been said of "mere stimulants," is not applicable to it. Coffee then being of itself nutritious, capable of sustaining life for days at a time, under circumstances of severe cold and the labor of travelling on foot, and it being customary to use it with cream and sugar, which are themselves concentrated nutrients, and withal, being drank hot, the conclusion appears to us legitimate as one of Euclid's corollaries, that *coffee as generally used in this country is a valuable, nutritious, healthful and comfortable item.*

Chemical analysis, has of late, under the direction of the most competent and intelligent minds of the age, arrived at the point just stated, and declares that coffee is a nutrient, and that its essential principle, although one hundred and twenty-five per cent. less, is identical with that of the tea of commerce; and when facts, universal custom, and science, all unite in one point, surely we may feel safe, and hereafter take our cup of coffee and tea "in peace and quietness."

Having said so much about a cup of tea and coffee, it is proper to say something of its preparation. Individuals and nations have their preferences, but some things must be laid down as of universal application:

The first cup of coffee is the best.

The last cup of tea is the best.

Never take more than once cup at a meal.

Never increase the strength.

If it were a *mere* stimulant, then, after a while, it might, if not increased in strength or quantity, produce no sensible effect, might do no good, as brandy, opium, or any other mere stimulant; but as tea and coffee are nutritious, the more so as they are used with milk and sugar, a cup of the "*self same*" is likely to do you as much good and as little harm twenty years hence as to-day.

It has been justly said, that "In the life of most persons a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary elements of food to make up for the natural daily waste of the bodily substance. The size and weight of the body, therefore, begin to diminish more or less perceptibly. At this period tea comes in as a medicine to arrest the waste, to keep the body from falling away so fast, and thus enable the less energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues. No wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite, on the one hand, with the poor, whose supply of substantial food is scanty, and on the other way the aged and infirm, especially of the feebler sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female, who has barely enough of weekly income to buy what are called the common necessaries of life, should yet spend a portion of her small gains in purchasing her ounce of tea. She can live quite as well on less common food when she takes her tea along with it; while she feels lighter, at the same time more cheerful and fitter for her work, because of the indulgence.

The use of tea became general in China about the year six hundred, A. D., and after a dozen hundred years' use, they seem to live as long as the Anglo-Saxons do, with whom, a thousand years later, it was so costly, that the East India Company considered the present of two pounds of it to the Queen of England a rare gift; and now, the average length of life in Great Britain is greater than when that present was made, although the inhabitants consume fifty-five million pounds of tea every year.

The effect of tea is to enliven; it produces a comfortable exhilaration of spirits, it wakens up, and increases the working capabilities of the brain, and brings out the kindlier feelings of our nature in moderation, having them always under our control. Alcohol, in any of its combinations, intoxicates, makes wild, places a man out of his own power, he gets beside himself, he can't control himself, nor can any one else control him, except by brute force. Upon some persons it has the effect of eliciting the darkest and deadliest passions of our nature. Whoever heard of a cup of tea inciting its sippers to "treasons, stratagems and spoils?" In certain irritated states of the body, it soothes the whole system, allays inflammation, cools fever, modifies the circulation, and counteracts the stupor of opium and brandy.

How the Chinese Use Tea.—They put a few leaves in a porcelain cup, pour boiling water upon it, and cover the cup with a lid; in about a minute depress one edge of the lid, to keep the leaves in, and sip the tea: the moment the cup is emptied, the cup is filled with hot water. This refilling is continued at pleasure, without putting in more leaves. One may in this manner have several nice cups of tea, from one supply of the leaf. The Chinese add nothing to their tea. The English added cream and sugar, at first, to make it more palatable; this, in time, became a custom—the addition, however, by imparting increased nourishment, adds to its value as an item of daily diet.

The crusader against tea and coffee will tell you that the main element of both is composed of the same constituents as strychnine, a sixth of a grain of which will kill a dog in half a minute, while less than a grain will kill a man. The main elements of strychnine and the elements of the main principle of tea and coffee are oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon, but these elements are in different proportions, and that makes all the difference in the world; for as the air we breathe is composed of nitrogen and oxygen, so is aqua fortis, but in different proportions, with water added. Alcohol is composed of oxygen, carbon and hydrogen, and so is sugar. Morphine, a dozen grains of which will kill a man in a few hours, is composed of nitrogen, carbon and hydrogen, and so is the extract of tea; but the different proportions of the ingredients change the very nature of the product; hence we are not to judge of the wholesomeness of an article from its elementary constituents, but from its observed effects on the system in the course of a life time, or a generation; and as the average duration of human life has been considerably lengthened, notwithstanding the enormous increased consumption of tea and coffee during the same time, their general effect on the human system is not certainly discouraging.

No doubt some persons are injured by the use of tea and coffee, but to argue that because one in a million is injured, the remainder of the million must also be injured, and should therefore forego its agreeable effects, is a tyranny not to be submitted to; it is a positive folly, especially when it is quite certain, that the very persons who are injured by it, are those who have abused its use; and to reject an article of food or drink because its use may be abused, and such abuse lead to disastrous results, is simply ridiculous.

Tea as Food.—Through all the wastes of Asia, the use of tea is universal; not its infusion, as with us, but the leaves are matted together like flaxseed oil cake, and as hard almost as a piece of wood; these hard cakes or balls, when wanted, are dissolved in water, then mixed with the blood of animals, enriched with the fat of beef or mutton, and then eaten with a spoon like thick soup.

The time to drink tea is at supper, when the lightest meal of the day is taken; for, by its exhilarating effects, it destroys the sense of hunger, and enables a person to go to sleep without having much in the stomach to keep it working all night, and so prevent sound refreshing sleep.

One of the great secrets of health is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial, when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing; let such an one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of cold bread with butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be tenfold the better for it the next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes, and the ordinary et ceteras, as the last meal of the day, and I will venture to affirm, that the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.

To Make a Cup of Tea.—The teapot itself should be as perfectly plain and even in shape, inside and out, as possible; it will thus throw off less heat, and consequently keep hot longer, and be more easily kept thoroughly clean. A level teaspoon for one cup.

When the pot is perfectly clean, and dry, put the dry tea in and stand it before the fire for at least ten minutes; then pour on the boiling rain or other soft water, let it stand five minutes, and it is ready for use; then put your sugar and milk in the teacup, and pour the tea upon it.

To Make a Cup of Coffee.—As soon as the coffee is parched, scarcely brown, grind as much as you will want to use for that time; put it in the coffee-pot, and pour on boiling water; stir, place it on the fire, bring it to a boil; as soon as four or five bubbles appear, take it off the fire, pour out a tea-cupful and return it, then set the pot down for one minute, next pour gently over it a tea-cup of cold water, let it stand another minute to allow the heavy cold water to sink to the bottom and carry the grounds with it, then put your usual amount of sugar in your coffee-cup, and as much boiling milk as you desire, then fill it from the coffee-pot.

A French Cup of Coffee.—When in Paris in 1844, I learned the French method of preparing coffee, and prefer it to any other.

Imagine a large tin pepper-box inverted with the bottom knocked out: put into this as much coffee as you desire, hold it over your coffee-pot, which should be large enough in circumference to receive about an inch of the quondam pepper-box, pour on boiling water in a stream as large as a common quill, and as soon as the water has passed through the ground coffee, it is fit for use without any special need of clearing.

As much ground coffee as can be taken up with a dessert spoon is sufficient for one person.

As coffee, when roasted, ground and exposed in an open vessel, is a more powerful deodorizer than chloride of lime, without its disagreeable smell, it is reasonable to conclude that it will act in the same manner in the human stomach, and by antagonizing disagreeable odors there, would remove foul breath.

A Substitute for Coffee.—From chemical analysis it appears that the seeds of the Asparagus when dried, parched and ground, make a full-flavored coffee, but little inferior to Mocha, containing in common with tea and coffee, the principle called taurine. Dry the asparagus berries well, after being thoroughly ripened, then rub them on a sieve, thus the seeds are readily separated. —*Journal of Health.*

☞ Simplicity.—A lady in one of the papers relates a sweet little instance of a child's delicate thoughtfulness. She says, "I asked a little boy last evening, 'Have you called your grandmamma to tea?' 'Yes;' he replied, 'when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't want to *holler* at grandma, or to *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said, pretty loud, Grandma, tea is ready. And she never knew what woke her.'"

☞ A Rich Editor.—Somebody says editors are poor, whereupon an exchange remarks: "Humbug! Here we are, editor of a country newspaper, fairly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a paste-pot, a double-barrelled gun, two suits of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup, two gold watches, thirteen day and two night shirts, carpet on our floors, a pretty wife, one corner lot, have ninety cents in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy, it is a pity."

☞ Ralph Waldo Emerson always jots down any thought or fancy that comes to him at any time, even rising from his bed at night to do so. On one occasion he got up at two in the morning, when his wife asked, "Are you ill, husband?" "No, my dear, only an idea."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The International Cricket Match.—In the first game, that between the English Eleven and the Philadelphia Twenty-Two, the English beat, having two wickets to spare. Philadelphia, 123; England, 124 (and two wickets to fall.) This was much better playing against the Englishmen than that done at Boston, New York, or in Canada.

Gen. McClellan's Reception.—The reception of Gen. McClellan on the 8th, by the soldiers, sailors and other citizens of Philadelphia, his native city, was a very handsome affair. The procession was very large, occupying over two hours in passing, and was very enthusiastic. The streets were densely packed through which the procession passed. While the procession was principally Democratic, Philadelphians generally feel proud in the thought that of the six commanders of the Army of the Potomac, two of the three ablest—the only ones who were able to win victories, and prove themselves at all competent to so large a command—came from their own beloved "Quaker City." McClellan and Meade—the victors of Antietam and Gettysburg—will always be honored in Philadelphia.

Congress.—It is reported that in consequence of the engagements of the members of Congress, there will be no quorum present on October 16th, the day to which the Senate and House were adjourned. On November 10th, however, it is expected that a session will be held.

Spain.—The Provisional Junta have made a declaration in favor of civil and religious liberty. It is received with enthusiasm, and extensive popular demonstrations have been made in Madrid in favor of religious toleration. Large numbers of workmen are idle in consequence of political agitation. The Provisional Junta assures them that work will soon be provided for all who want it. Rumors are current in Paris and Madrid that Cuba has declared for independence. The Madrid Junta will bring a bill before the Cortes for abolishing slavery in the colonies at the expiration of ten years.

—The present Spanish Minister at Washington will be recognised as such by the State Department until his successor is appointed by the Spanish government.

—The propeller Perseverance was recently burned on Lake Ontario. Only one of the boats could be got out, and of 19 persons on board, 14, including the captain, perished.

—A Chicago firm having done work for a spiritualistic association, were paid by notes on the "Wisdom Bank," which it was assured were much more valuable than greenbacks. Each note was endorsed, "Backers, Alanson Abbe, M. D., Harriet Abbe, Abbot Lawrence, Mary Appleton, of Boston, Mass., Guardians of the Wisdom Treasures."

—A colored preacher in Georgia has been arrested for choking one of his children to death.

—In New York, a maiden-lady has left all her property for the purpose of building a church, on condition that her body and bones shall be made into mortar in which to lay the corner stone.

—Brigham Young is said to be anxious to dispose of 35 marriageable daughters.

—Among the Vice Presidents of the National Unitarian Conference, is Governor and General Burnside of Rhode Island.

—A plan has been projected to connect the upper part of the Ohio River with the Gulf of Mexico by a new water route. A canal, thirty miles long, between the Coosa River and the Tennessee will form the principal link in the channel of communication.

—A man in London lately submitted to be fined for refusing to allow his child to be vaccinated. He declared that he thought the system an inducer of disease. Many able physicians think the same thing. Vaccination probably is merely "a choice of evils."

—Voters in Italy have to pay a tax and be able to read and write. Many a child of ten years can do that much.

—During the last few years a Spaniard is said to have realized a handsome fortune in the city of Mequinez, Morocco, by making delicious meat patties, large quantities of which were sent to all parts. Something having occurred to excite the suspicions of the police, they made a descent upon his bakery and found the body of a woman cut up in real butcher style, and in the cellar they discovered a large quantity of skulls. The Sultan sentenced him to be dragged through the streets and then cut to pieces while alive.

—Howell Cobb, of Georgia, died suddenly in New York on the 9th.

☞ A youth, at the Academy of Music at Nashville, the other night, tried to play a joke on a danseuse by throwing her a bouquet to which he had a string attached. She saw the joke, or rather the string, and passed it by. Seeing that that wouldn't take, rusticus pulled it back, detached the string, and then flung it to her in good faith. She picked it up, advanced to the front of the stage, and threw it right in his face.

☞ The difference between a cigar stump and a political stump is just the difference that there is between smoke and gas.

☞ A mamma, who has succeeded in getting her own seven daughters "well off her hands," has determined to open a class for the instruction of young ladies in the art of husband catching. It is to be called the "School of Design."

☞ Savannah has enjoyed a haunted house, in one chamber of which three raps resounded every midnight. Nobody dared to inhabit it until the mysterious sounds were traced to a next-door neighbor who always smoked a late pipe and knocked the ashes out against the chimney.

☞ A thirty-two months' girl thus accosted her paternal relative a day or two ago:—"Papa, will you buy me some holes to put in my ears, so I can have some carrings?" Papa is now looking for the holes.

☞ Upon the lines from Manchester to Liverpool, a Mr. Smith has established a railway theatre, and with a good result. Five long cars are arranged in such a manner as to form one long room. The top is vaulted and hung with chandeliers, which give a brilliant light. They are also arranged so as to exclude all noise; the stage is two feet higher than the floor of the car. The pieces which are represented form a railway repertoire, being so arranged that the scenes terminate upon the arrival of the travellers at each station.

☞ La Crosse, the new game, is said to be "a modification of base ball." Quiggins says he has tried base ball, and the more it is modified the better it will be.

☞ A steamboat captain on the Mississippi has given the new popular name of "Grecian Bend" to what was formerly known as "Shirt-tail Bend" on the river.

The Sky-Blue Song.

Suggested by Alfred Tennyson's Bugle Song in "The Princess."

The milkman calls at the outer walls,
And many a maid from upper story
Comes down the stairs in the dress she wears,
In all her afternoon-tide glory.
"Oh, milk below!" sets the wild echoes flying;
"Oh, milk below!" crying, crying, crying.

Ah me, oh dear, how thin and clear,
Thinner and clearer daily growing!
I almost deem that I hear the stream
Of water into the milk-can flowing.
"Oh, milk below!" I'm surely never buying;
"Oh, milk below!" lying, lying, lying!

Oh, that is the hue of the pale sky-blue,
That's made from cistern, pump, or river;
No cow in a field such stuff would yield,
The sight of it makes me shiver, shiver,
"Oh, milk below!" thus I send it flying—
Go, milkman, go! lying, lying, lying!

The Chinese Ahead Again.

"Planchette," it seems, is no exception to the rule, that there is nothing new under the sun. The Chinese used it ages ago as a toy. Howitt says: "They obtained writing by making a clumsy sort of Planchette of a basket, turned down, and a reed or style thrust through it, so as to write when the Planchette moved, in sand, dust or flour sprinkled on a table. They then invoke the spirit, and generally not in vain, the basket often moving rapidly, as it rests on the tips of the fingers of two boys, and writing perfectly intelligible communications. Dr. Macgowan says it was in great practice when he arrived at Ningpo in 1843, and was the revival of an old custom. A club of literary graduates were in the Pau-teh-kwan, a Taouist temple, near the Temple of Confucius, for practising the Ki, as the ceremony was called, and many and marvellous were the revelations said to be obtained."

Common Quotations.

Among the quotations in common use, "Dark as pitch," "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," are found in Bunyan. "By hook or crook," "Through thick and thin," are used by Spencer in the "Fairie Queen." "Smell a rat," is employed by Ben Jonson, and by Butler in "Hudibras." "Wrong sow by the ear," (now rendered, "Take the wrong pig by the ear,") is used by Ben Jonson. "Turn over a new leaf," occurs in Middleton's play of "Anything for a Quiet Life." "The moon is made of green cheese," is found in Rabelais. "To die in the last ditch," which is popularly supposed to have originated in the South, during the late rebellion, is traced to William of Orange, who once said: "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch."

☞ Prof. Bishop, in Bonn, has made experiments with artificially melted balls of basalt, which measure two feet in diameter, and has most accurately taken note of the time required for their cooling and solidifying on the surface. Based upon this, he has calculated the time required by the earth for reaching its present temperature, and found the result to be three hundred and fifty-three millions of years. The time when the earth by its own heat could still keep up a tropical temperature at the poles, so that without the aid of the sun, elephants, rhinoceroses, etc., could live there, and palm trees and gigantic ferns flourish, he calculates to have occurred one million three hundred thousand years before our own era.

☞ At a recent trip of one of the Eastern coast steamers, it was thought for a time that the boat was in danger, and all the passengers put on life-preservers, with the exception of an old lady, who declared with great emphasis that she would rather sink than go floating about.

☞ Along the common boundary line of Tennessee and Kentucky, lands on the Kentucky side are worth twice as much as in Tennessee.

☞ Kit Burns won't allow the missionaries to use his rat-pit longer than the hour for which it is hired. The other day the brethren lingered a little too long, when he entered the place and said, "Now, you praying fellows, I want you to clear out, and if any person would like to see how we kill rats they can stay on paying twenty-five cents."

☞ Nevada produced twenty million dollars of silver and gold the first year of her existence as a state in the Union. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull; sales 9000 bbls at $6,50@7,50 for superfine; $8@8,75 for extra; $8,50@9,25 for spring wheat extra family, the latter rate for Minnesota; $9@10 for Penna extra family; $9,50@11 for Ohio extra family, and $11,50@13,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $8,25@8,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull; 20,000 bus of red sold at $2,18@2,25 for prime; $2,10@2,15 for fair to good, and $1,75@2,05 for common; 8000 bus of amber at $2,25@2,30, and small lots of white at $2,40@2,75, the latter rate for choice. Rye—6000 bus of Western and Penna sold at $1,60, and Southern at $1,35@1,40 ₱ bus. Corn—About 50,000 bus sold at $1,20@1,25 for Western mixed, and $1,23@1,26 for prime yellow. Oats—40,000 bus sold at 70@72c for Western and Penna, and 60@65c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet; sales of Mess Pork at $20@20,50. Mess Beef sells at $23@24 for city packed. Bacon: sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@18c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16½c; Shoulders at 13½c. Green Meats: sales of pickled Hams at 17c, and Shoulders at 12½@12¾c. Lard: sales of 200 bbls and tcs Western at 19½@20c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter: sales of solid packed at 28@40c, and prime Western and Penna at 38@45c. Cheese: sales of prime factory at 17½@18c. Eggs sell at 25@28c ₱ dozen.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 8½@9¼ cts ₱ lb. 170 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Hunt's Court Toilet Powder is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.12. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

A Mistake Corrected.—Moore insists that "all that's sweet was made but to be lost when sweetest." Now see how a plain tale shall put the poet down. Fragrant, the sweetest perfume, the very breath of Flora, is a fixed and permanent delight. It seems to become incorporated with whatever it touches, and in this respect, as in all others, is without a peer in perfumery.

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black or brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Douloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar3-eowtf

"How Chilly the Evenings in October!"

This is a common remark, yet how few think of the danger of exposing themselves to their influence? In all low, marshy localities Ague and Fever prevail at this season of the year. In this disease there is invariably more or less derangement of the liver and digestive organs. The remedies usually resorted to have reference to preventing the paroxysm or breaking up the chills. If this is effected without removing the cause, a relapse is inevitable. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS strike directly at the foundation of the evil, by acting on the liver and correcting digestion. The cause being removed, the paroxysm will cease, and the chills cannot return. When the patient is weak and debilitated, the BITTERS should be resorted to, as they will strengthen and tone the stomach, allay all nervous irritation, and infuse renewed animation into the hitherto drooping spirits, without entailing the danger of reaction.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is truly a preventive medicine, rendering even the feeblest frame impervious to all malarious influences; and, as a stomachic and anti-bilious medicine it is incomparable, and no one who values his health can afford to do without it. Fortify the system with this inestimable tonic and invigorant, and the "Chills of October Evenings" will have no terror for you. oct2-6t

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed for* 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jc27-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Holloway's Ointment is indeed a blessing to the afflicted; old ulcers and sore legs that have defied every effort to heal are cured to a certainty by the powerful cleansing and healing properties of the salve.

Magnetic Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

B. T. Babbitt's Articles of Every Day Use.
Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 42 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. Babbitt. feb22-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Sept., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. Fred Voelker to Miss Lizzie Martin, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. William Corson, D. D., Mr. John C. Stevens to Miss Hannah P. Corson, both of this city.

On the 21st of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Catt, Mr. Edward P. Thomas to Miss Anna E. Hunt, both of this city.

On the 24th of Sept., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Hiram F. Crew to Miss Mary Timmins, both of this city.

On the 12th of Sept., 1868, by John G. Watson, V. D. M., Mr. George Feairheller to Miss Annie McClil., both of this city.

On the 12th of April, 1867, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Francis M. Sperlein to Miss Eliza S. Horney, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Alexander Gale, in his 58th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Ann, wife of Jacob Palmer, aged 44 years.

On the 5th instant, Annie, daughter of the late Albert G. and Sydney Rowland, in her 2d year.

On the 6th instant, Elizabeth, wife of Charles Riechner, aged 20 years.

On the 4th instant, Amanda M. Lechler, in her 34d year.

On the 4th instant, Edward D. G. Farband, aged 20 years.

On the 3d instant, William C. McKibbin, in his 40th year.

On the 3d instant, Elizabeth M. Sagee, aged 75 years.

On the 2d instant, Eliza, widow of the late Jacob Bocklus, in her 73d year.

BY THE SEA.

Idly against the sunset bars
The white clouds lean like fleecy sheep,
Low in the east there are glimmering stars,
And dark ships silently walk the deep.

The waves come murmuring toward the beach,
Red as blood with the sunset's glow;
While I sit and wonder will the red waves reach
The dainty marks of those feet like snow?

Lightly she stood "as fairies stand,"
With her golden hair blown away from her face,
Making small prints in the warm wet sand—
A childish picture of womanly grace.

Toward the far-off city whose busy din
Is drearier far than the roaring sea,
She drifts to-day while the tide comes in,
And only these footprints are left to me.

Boldly the wine-red waves creep up,
Nearer and nearer—ah! there they go—
Only the water and cold gray sand,
And bits of weeds from the depths below.

Oh! hungry waves in the tide of time,
With your endless, ceaseless ebb and flow:
Wash out of my heart her face divine,
As out of the sand her feet like snow.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

When the gentlemen rejoined the ladies after dinner, Geralda held quite a court, her sofa being the centre of attraction for a group of the most agreeable men in the room, and her gray dress a magnet which drew the masculine particles away from the wearers of the robes of velvet, lace, and moire; and nearest to the fair queen, the most devoted of her attendant courtiers, was her affectionate cousin, Charles Falconer, Lord Fordham. The ladies endured this defection with various degrees of equanimity. The good-natured laughed, and quoted "Beauty, when unadorned," etc.; the curious wondered that the men should think her *so very handsome;* the ugly were glad that the pretty belles were deprived of their adorers by a greater beauty and superior wit; Flora Chalcedon, whose most hopeful admirer was at the feet of the new beauty, was furious; Ernestine, who had once flirted with Lord Fordham, bit her lip, and sneered at his cousinly devotion; and the dowagers tossed their heads, and thought Lady Chalcedon's dress and conduct alike "peculiar." Sir Edric, who had enjoyed the monopoly of his "beautiful mamma's" society for so long a time was discontented, and Sir Francis was divided between the reflected glory of his wife's success and his jealousy of Lord Fordham. As for Geralda she enjoyed her triumph as a prerogative of her royalty, being queen by the proud right of wit and beauty, and in the excitement of the moment forgot the hated horror of her life. At the close of the evening she was escorted to her carriage by a dozen gentlemen eager for a last word and smile, and it was not until the door was shut, and the coachman had turned his horses' heads down the avenue, that the crown fell from her brows, and the radiant queen became the cold, indifferent woman, with languid movements and a smile like ice.

All the way home Sir Francis was brooding silently over his injuries. He had spent an unlimited amount of money upon Lady Chalcedon's wardrobe, and she had insulted him by appearing in a dress which her laundress would have disdained, exposing herself to remark, and him to unprecedented mortification. She was a married woman, and she had flirted indiscriminately with a dozen men;—his wife, and she had been more charming to the servants who waited on the table than to him. She had allowed her cousin to kiss her hand. Yes—he had seen it, but she did not know it, or she would not have dared.

The carriage stopped, and my lady yawning, went up the stairs to her dressing-room, where her maid was waiting to undress her and comb out her hair for the night. The baronet, in his dressing-room, swore at his valet, stamped and knocked about, overturning some minor articles of furniture, and finally going into my lady's room, dismissed the maid, saying that he wished to speak with Lady Chalcedon. Her ladyship took the comb from the girl's hand and began herself to comb out her long locks as she sat before the mirror.

"My lady," said Sir Francis, having sufficiently exasperated himself by pulling his cravat into a hard knot while attempting to loosen it, for his throat seemed to swell with the anger he felt—"your conduct this evening has been very unsatisfactory."

He paused. My lady continued slowly to brush her hair, lingering lovingly over the shining golden lengths.

"In the first place your dress was very improper."

My lady was silent.

"*Very improper*," continued the baronet with emphasis.

My lady said nothing.

"In the second place you made yourself very conspicuous by indiscriminate flirtation, exposing yourself to invidious remarks."

The hand which held the brush moved less evenly, but my lady's face was still serene.

"Lastly, you allowed that fellow to kiss your hand."

This was said triumphantly, as if he expected her ladyship to be overpowered by his knowledge of this impropriety, but she said coolly,

"Do you mean Sir Edric? He kissed my hand in the corridor before I went away."

"You know I don't mean that fool Edric," said the baronet, in a voice that shook with rage. "I mean that d—d Fordham, and if ever I see him do it again I'll kick him as far as I can send him."

"You will have to kick him quite often. As he is my cousin he may, if he wishes, kiss my hand or my mouth as much as he pleases."

Sir Francis lost all control of himself, and seizing her shoulder, said in an almost inarticulate voice,

"Do you dare?"

She wrenched her shoulder from his grasp, and was on her feet in an instant facing him, with white lips and scarlet forehead, and eyes like jets of flame. As she spoke she rocked on her feet as a statue might when shaken by an earthquake, but her voice was low and calm.

"Do you remember what base treachery you have been guilty of towards me? Men have died for less. Do you think that I owe you any honor or duty? My forced vows excuse their observance. Respect I cannot feel—love I do not. Your complaints of my conduct are ridiculous—the result of an absurd jealousy. As long as I live in your house I shall wear what I please, do what I please, say what I please. If you object to this, give me a separate maintenance, but lay your hand upon me again if you dare."

So saying she sat down again, and began to braid up her hair with untrembling fingers.

Sir Francis stammered out a few words of apology before slinking from the room, subdued by the power of her aspect, and the expression of an indomitable will in every tone of her voice. Her suppressed anger terrified him—its glance was murderous, its tones stabbed like a knife, but above all he feared that she might act upon her words and leave him. But Geralda despised him even more for his submission, and the mingled scorn and loathing which her face expressed as it turned towards his retreating figure, was followed by a look of dreadful delight, as she beheld a future possibility which she had the power to make a present certainty. She let her hair fall from her hand. It unbraided itself by its own weight, and slowly shook into a veil for her uncovered shoulders, and bare, rounded arms. She looked at herself in the glass. Her face was marble pale, her eyes looked preternaturally brilliant, her lips had straightened from their pout and curve into a narrow, scarlet line. As she rose and stood before the mirror, flinging out her arm in one of the Rachel's famous gestures, she looked a beautiful incarnation of Murder. The thought seemed to suggest itself to her also, and she remained motionless gazing at herself as if triumphing in her power to shake off her own chains herself, to gain her freedom by a slight but master stroke. How long she stood thus she did not know. She was in a species of delirium. Like Macbeth she seemed to see an air-drawn dagger presented to her hand. Shadowy faces passed across the mirror, some mocking, some pitying. She saw among them her husband's face, now frowning threateningly, now leering fiendishly, his thick locks twisted into the semblance of horns, and side by side with it the noble, intellectual features of St. George, like a bright angel confronted with a sneering fiend. The grasp of her husband's hand on her shoulder burnt like flame, and through the chorus of mysterious voices that tortured her straining ear with imagined whispers, as the Arch-Enemy assailed the ear of Christian in his passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, she heard St. George's harmonious tones murmur "My darling! my darling!"

When the morning dawned at last, making the lights burn blue and ghastly, and sending strange shadows through the room, exhausted by her vigil, she crept to a window with languid steps. The sun, shining through a light mist which crimsoned its rays, reddened the white landscape with its glow.

"God forgive me! it looks like blood!" said Geralda, and falling on her knees by the window, with her hands pressed tightly over her face, she prayed with passionate fervor that she might not again be led into temptation.

No one would have suspected my lady of having passed a sleepless night when she went down to breakfast that morning, her slight pallor being neutralized by the glow of a scarlet breakfast shawl worn over the delicate blue of her morning robe. She paid no attention to Sir Francis's timid greeting, responded coldly to the cold "Good mornings" of the others, and devoted herself to a favorite cat in the intervals between her sips of coffee and mouthfuls of toast. While they were still sitting at the table, they heard the chime of sleigh bells in the avenue, and Lord Fordham was announced.

"Show him in here," said my lady.

Sir Francis grew very red and looked down at his plate; Ernestine glanced at Flora, who raised her eyebrows expressively, and Sir Edric pretended to be absorbed by the morning paper. Between them all, Lord Fordham's reception was of the coldest; even my lady presented no trace of the arch, piquant belle of the last evening, in the languid beauty of the present morning. Her sparkling repartee, her ringing laughter, her charming simplicity, had given place to murmured common-places, an indolent smile, and the studied graces of a fashionable woman. Ernestine sulked, Flora was unbending, Sir Francis said nothing, and Sir Edric conversed with surprising reserve.

His lordship drank a cup of chocolate, played with the kitten's ears, made a few remarks upon the yesterday's dinner party, told his cousin she looked pale, and asked her if she did not think it was just the morning for a sleigh ride. She assented, and he proposed that she should put on her wraps and accept a seat in his cutter.

She thanked him, and left the room to change her dress.

Sir Francis salted his coffee, Sir Edric dropped a hot muffin on the spaniel's nose, which the creature first howled at, and then ate, Ernestine's face expressed the vulgar ejaculation, Well, I declare! and Flora became astonishingly rigid. In a few minutes a gay voice was heard singing outside the door, and my lady, who had not sung before since her marriage, came in, in a fascinating costume, in which a black velvet jacket, trimmed with fur, and a hat of the same, with a profusion of white waving plumes, were very conspicuous. She looked very sparkling as she informed her cousin, with a little courtesy, that she was ready. Sir Francis looked perfectly miserable, and as he glanced through the window at the high-stepping horses, he imagined a little tableau in which the viscount's handsome head was seen under their feet, while the small, polished hoofs were beating all expression out of the face which was laughing in my lady's own; and while Flora and Ernestine were sitting in judgment on my lady in the pleasant morning parlor, Sir Francis in the smoking-room was alternately giving a puff and a groan, as he reflected on his unfortunate condition. When my lady returned, with wild red roses on her cheeks and a diamond glitter in her eyes, she found the dowager Lady Fordham and the four Misses Falconers in the drawing-room. These ladies had already called upon Lady Chalcedon, but had not seen her. Circumstances had prevented their presence at Mrs. Mortshaw's dinner party, but when Lord Fordham returned from it, full of the beauty and wit of Lady Chalcedon, and the fact of her near relationship to his family, her ladyship forgot that she had joined with her husband's family in the repudiation of Geraldine Falconer, consequent upon her low marriage, and thinking what an excellent chaperon the young and beautiful Lady Chalcedon would be for her four unmarried daughters, and what a nice place her town house would be for them to visit at, she concluded to become very affectionate at once, and claim her relationship in the most flattering manner. She had heard of the outre costume in which she had appeared at the Mortshaw's, but she had no objection to a slight degree of simplicity, as that would make her more facile in her hands. Charley had related his cousin's after triumph, for which her beauty and the attraction of complete novelty seemed sufficient cause to her astute ladyship. As for her wit, it was not possible for a beautiful woman to appear *silly* in any man's eyes. But when Lady Fordham saw the fashionable figure and intelligent, high-bred face of her new-found niece, she changed her tactics, and the somewhat *gushing* greeting which she had thought would prove acceptable to the supposed simplicity of her kinswoman was exchanged for one which was dignified but affectionate.

"So this is Geraldine's daughter. I am your aunt, my love, and these are your cousins, Mariana, my eldest, Frederica, Louisa, and Estella."

Miss Falconer was plain and prim, Frederica and Louisa were very pretty, and Estella beautiful and only sixteen. This Geralda discovered as they embraced and kissed her, one after the other, the salutes sounding like scattered shots in a skirmish; and after this discharge of musketry, the general charged at the head of her troops.

"To think that all these years I should have known nothing of Geraldine's daughter! You look so much like your mother, my dear, only that her eyes were blue, while yours are so dark. Quite a southern combination, such very dark eyes with blonde hair."

"I believe that her family *wished* to know nothing of my mother after her marriage," said Geralda, giving this sword-thrust with a perfectly serene expression.

"Your grandfather, yes, your grandfather *was* quite obdurate, but my husband used so often to speak of his darling sister. Now, I hope that though our acquaintance has begun comparatively late, our friendship may be doubly cemented by the affection we have been owing each other so long, and which we can now pay with interest."

Having concluded this somewhat mercantile simile, which her ladyship flattered herself made a very pretty speech of it, Lady Fordham again embraced her niece, while the four young ladies murmured something about being "delighted" and "charmed," and regarding her as "another sister."

"Which would make your ladyship's family of daughters quite large," said Geralda, still unbending, though it was pleasant to her who had been so lately nameless and friendless to be so eagerly sought by such noble kin, although their motives might be selfish.

"*Do* not say *your ladyship!*" cried Lady Forham, pathetically. "Call me *aunt*, or I shall think that you do not fancy me. I *shall* consider you as one of my daughters hereafter, and as the married daughters always spend the Christmas holidays at *home*, I wish you and Sir Francis to pass them with us at The Larches. We are expecting other guests, and the girls are very anxious that you should take part in some private theatricals and an operetta that they are talking about. Now, you will not refuse us, will you?"

"As far as *I* am concerned, I accept with pleasure," said Geralda. "I had been anticipating a very dull season here, as we have none but the family with us, and shall be glad to change for a more lively atmosphere, and also to become better acquainted with you and my cousins."

This was perfectly satisfactory. Lady Fordham felt it to be so, and having arranged that her niece and her husband should take the earliest opportunity to go to The Larches, the viscountess and her four daughters squeezed themselves into their double sleigh and whirled away to the rapid beat of the chiming bells.

"My aunt and cousins have been here this morning," said Geralda, going into the morning parlor and addressing Sir Francis.

"H—m! rather late in the day."

"It is only half-past eleven," said Geralda, looking at her watch.

"I mean that they never discovered your relationship until you were Lady Chalcedon."

"*I* am the one to complain of that, if any complaint is necessary."

"You are my wife, I believe."

"Ye-es, and as such I have accepted for you an invitation to spend the holidays at The Larches."

"Indeed! I have no intention of going."

"I wouldn't, papa," said Ernestine.

"Of course you wouldn't, as you are not invited," said Geralda. "*I* am going to-morrow."

"Without me?" said Sir Francis.

"That is as you choose. I should find it possible to exist without you."

"I presume so—with Lord Fordham," said Ernestine.

"You see that Ernestine agrees with me," said my lady. "*She* used to find existence with Lord Fordham very tolerable."

Ernestine grew scarlet. "Who told you that?" said she.

"Charley said that you and he were very old friends."

Poor Sir Francis winced at the familiar "*Charley.*"

"He told a lie, then. I always *hated* him."

"'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,'" my lady pretended to read from a volume which she found on the table. "I don't believe that—do you, Ernest? Well, I will go and tell Fifine to pack up my wardrobe." And she left the room with a dancing step, singing a strain of a joyous carol.

"Poor, dear papa!" said Ernestine, going up to her father, and flinging her arms caressingly around his neck.

Sir Francis bent his head to hers, and kissed her forehead, then a great sob burst from his lips, and two large tears rolled, twinkling, from his eyes, and fell upon her face.

Ernestine was a little moved by this unusual manifestation of feeling, superficial as she was, and she repeated the caress, with a more energetic squeeze—

"Do you know, papa, I think she treats you so because you have made your will in her favor, and she has nothing more to expect from you."

This was a suggestion of Flora's, which Ernestine had agreed to impress upon her father's mind.

"I think it would be better if I *were* dead," said Sir Francis, gloomily. "It is all that I have left her to hope for."

This mood puzzled Ernestine, and not knowing how to treat it, it not having been foreseen by Flora, she unclasped her arms and returned to her book.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Francis accompanied my lady to The Larches, thinking it better to witness her proceedings, however trying to his feelings, than to stay at home and imagine all the dreaded possibilities that make up a jealous husband's category of evils.

My lady was received very enthusiastically by her noble relations. It was evident that they attached a great deal of importance to her presence.

At The Larches, Lady Fordham called her "my daughter," while bestowing upon her a gracious caress. Mariana informed her that they had appropriated the most delightful apartments in the house for her use. Frederica had arranged vases filled with the choicest of flowers from the conservatory, for her dressing-room. And Louisa and Estella accompanied her thither, to watch her toilette and examine her jewelry. This last received their unqualified admiration. And Geralda, perceiving that longing mingled with their admiration, gave to the beautiful Estella a valuable set of Etruscan work, of a new and peculiar style; to Louisa, a brooch and bracelets of carved coral; and selected for the other sisters a pair of cameo armlets set with pearls.

The two girls decorated themselves with their gifts, and when they went down to the drawing-room, ran to their mother to display them and descant upon their cousin's generosity.

Her ladyship said they were very beautiful, and then reproached Geralda for having deprived herself of such valuable ornaments.

"They are much more becoming to my cousins than to myself, as I am not a brunette; and as they were a present to me from a person for whom I have no liking, they have not the value of association."

Hearing my lady say this, Sir Francis looked curiously at the ornaments, and recognized them as his gifts since their marriage. He changed color perceptibly. It seemed to him as if every one must know to whom she alluded; so absurdly sensitive had a true affection made this man of the world.

"How provoking it is to receive anything from a person you do not like, except it comes as a legacy," said a lady to whom Lady Chalcedon had just been introduced.

"In such a case, the 'funeral baked meats' are more satisfactory than all the fare of marriage-tables," said Geralda, laughing. "If these had been a *legacy* from the giver, I could have worn them with pleasure."

There was only one among the lively group assembled in the drawing-room, who seemed to translate the meaning of Geralda's words, and to them Sir Francis's burning, grievous face gave her the key. She was one of those few lovely old women whose many trials and sorrows have made their hearts very tender towards all human suffering, as was the divine heart of our Lord, and whose presence is a perpetual balm to their stricken fellow-beings. I have known such a one, and the ties which bound me to her on earth, have not been loosed by her having been taken to the bosom of the Father.

She was an old neighbor of Sir Francis, and had been a faithful friend to Ernestine's mother; the poor woman had died in her arms, praying with her latest breath for one more sight of her husband's face. She had not seen the baronet before since his return; but a letter had informed him of her tender care of his dying wife, and when she now spoke to him, the remembrance of the fond affection the dead woman had always expressed for him, presented itself in startling contrast with the unconcealed detestation of the living woman whom he loved.

"Mrs. Elliott," said he, going towards her and extending his hand.

"It is a long time since I have seen you, Sir Francis."

"A very long time. I—a great deal has happened since then. But you—you are looking very well. Four years have made no impression upon *you;* while I—don't you think I have grown very old?"

"I do not perceive it. On the contrary, I think you have not changed in the least since I last saw you."

"Do you? I feel very old—as if I had lived a century at least. I expect I shall have to rank among the octogenarians soon, and leave the stage to younger men."

"You are not old, Sir Francis," said Mrs. Elliott. "We women fade so early, that we are obliged to take refuge in retirement; but a man is often young at sixty; and you are not fifty yet."

"Forty-four, counting by years, but one does not count as much by years, as by experience, and I'm certain that I feel much older than yourself."

"God has been pleased to grant me peace at the last, Sir Francis, and you know that He does not limit His mercies."

"I wish I could believe it. But I think that *your* sex is His especial care, and that there is but little grace left for us poor sinners."

"Oh! Sir Francis, you *know* that you do not *think so!*"

"There is one thing that I know, that, be the end good or bad, I wish I were out of *this* world."

Here Miss Falconer approached with Geralda, who recognized in Mrs. Elliott her "pet patient" of the little Welsh village. Mrs. Elliott was as much surprised as herself when she found this brilliant young woman, shining in costly raiment and valuable gems, to be the same with the modest, gray-clad Welshwoman.

"The chrysalis has become a butterfly," said she, taking Geralda's two hands, and looking up with loving eyes, to meet the bend of her graceful head.

"Hush! I was 'in hiding' then," said Geralda, smiling. "Do you remember those charming Royalist tales I used to read to you? and how you would not allow that wretch, Cromwell, to be an altogether hopeless case?"

"I remember *all* your kindness to me, my dear; and I am very happy to see you again."

"And *I* am so glad that you are staying here."

"I am only here to dine; my home is but a short distance from The Larches. But I did not think to find any one whom I knew in the Lady Chalcedon whom I was invited to meet."

Lady Fordham is my aunt, you know; so you see that I am quite *respectable*."

"I never doubted your being a lady. *That* is something which is quite independent of dress or surroundings."

"You always seemed to me like a mother, dear Mrs. Elliott. Will you let me call you so? And since you live so near, I shall be very filial indeed if you will allow it."

"My dear child, it would be a great pleasure to me. But if I am to be your mother, you must allow me to tell you when I think you are not doing right."

"Oh! I shall appear horribly wicked to *you*, and you will scold me all the time."

"Not *scold;* but you know what Solomon says about the reproof of a friend."

"I'm afraid you will find me a very hard subject."

Lord Fordham now came forward to speak to his cousin, and charming as he had thought her before, she seemed to him still more lovely with this soft radiance in her eyes, as she held between her two rosy palms the withered hand of her friend, the roses of her cheeks blooming like a wreath of love above the meek head of the aged saint, and the young stars of her eyes shining upon her with the light which was quenched forever in the old eyes, dim with past watchings and past tears. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FRIGHT:

A Story of Practical Joking.

I do not care to remember how many years it is since the stage-coach set me down at the door of Dr. Bloxam's school with my two boxes. I know that I was a poor trembling little lad, cold and cramped with my long journey, and miserable at leaving home for the first time. I was thankful to be permitted to go up-stairs, and creep into bed in the large resounding sleeping-room, whither several of my school-fellows presently followed me. But I am not going to dwell upon the early days of my school-life; I pass on to the time—some six years later—when I had come to be one of the older boys in the sixth form.

Hilbrow Hall faced the high-road in front; but on the north side of its extensive buildings, there was a precipitous descent towards the Darkwater, a tidal river which flowed beneath. Several of the dormitories were built almost on the verge of this steep descent; but only the boys in the higher classes were placed in these rooms, as it was not considered safe enough for the younger ones. In the rear of the school-house, there was a narrow lane, which rose from the banks of the Darkwater to the summit of the hill at the back of the house, and then descended on the right, towards the lower parts of the town. During the summer months, the older boys were allowed to go down to the river before breakfast to bathe, provided they were back in time for morning school. Tony Brice, a boatman and an experienced swimmer, was always in attendance at that time, as a security against accidents. The proper way down to the water-side was across the play-ground, through the garden, and along the lane turning to the left. This, however, was rather a long way round; and so the favorite method of descent was a winding pathway, which led down the face of the precipice to the water's edge. There was no real danger in this descent in broad daylight, and with proper caution; but it would have been a fearful risk to attempt it in the dark, or even in the twilight. The feat was only once attempted, I believe, by a boy, who got out of one of the windows after hours, and was very much injured, as a reward for his foolhardiness. The doctor, thereupon, threatened to have bars affixed to the windows, unless a promise were given, that no such thing should ever be hazarded again.

It speaks well for the feeling which prevailed in the school under the doctor's administration, that a simple promise on the part of the boys should have been deemed sufficient. But it was one of the doctor's peculiarities to treat his boys with a confidence, which never seemed to admit the possibility of their abusing it. Another of his peculiarities in the government of the school was the rigid determination with which he exacted the most scrupulous neatness and order throughout the whole establishment. He was like a captain on board a man-of-war. He would have everything in its place. Nothing annoyed him so much as anything approaching to slovenliness or negligence. He reminded me sometimes of the answer an old woman once made to a gentleman, who was complimenting her upon the extreme neatness of her little cottage. "You know the old saying, Mrs. Brown, that cleanliness is next to godliness." "Yes," was her reply, "and far afore it, as I think." There was nothing prying or fidgetty in the doctor's manner, only nothing seemed to escape his eye. It seemed to pain him to witness confusion or want of method. The consequence was, that we all acquired the habit of putting everything in its place. Bats and stumps were never pitched down anywhere, when we came in from cricket. Caps were never tossed on the school-room table, for any one whom it might concern to put away. The foot-ball was not left out in the play-ground, when the game was over. The training we thus received was admirable, although we sometimes thought it rather a bore.

In the maintenance of this man-of-war-like discipline the doctor was ably seconded by a humble member of his establishment, whom I must now introduce to the reader. Mary Garnett was a bright, neat-handed servant, whose duty it was to attend upon the boys in the dining-hall at meal times. She was an unbounded favorite; although she contrived to exercise considerable authority. Many a lad was indebted to her for keeping him out of a scrape, for her vigilant eye never overlooked any stray article, which ought to have been put away in its appointed place. "Master Thornton," she would say, "Missus won't be best pleased, if she sees your wet towel lying on your bed." And away Thornton would hurry to repair the oversight, only to find that it had been done for him already. "Master Borlase," she would say again, "the doctor won't let you keep rabbits any longer, if you let them get out and run into the garden." And Borlase, in his turn, would be off in great trepidation, only to discover to his great relief, that the gardener had already received a friendly hint, and the offenders had been captured, and returned to their hutch. It was no wonder, therefore, that Mary was a great favorite, and that her quiet ways of keeping things straight were thoroughly appreciated.

It happened, that family affairs made it inconvenient for me to go home, the last Easter Holidays before I left Hilbrow. Borlase and Thornton were in the same position as myself; and so for nearly three weeks we were left very much to our own resources to find amusement and occupy our time. The doctor never accepted any invitations during the half year, although he frequently entertained his friends at his own house. But in

the holidays he availed himself of the hospitality of his neighbors. Our evenings therefore during that brief vacation were often entirely at our own disposal. A fair amount of liberty was permitted us during the day, so that we presented ourselves at meal times; and our orders were to be within bounds by eight o'clock in the evening.

Amongst the day boarders who attended our school was a boy named John Brandon. He was universally known by the name of Jack. His father was a surgeon residing in the town, who had an excellent practice, and was extremely popular. Jack was intended for his father's profession, and was already beginning to learn it. It was his great delight to hold the patient's head whilst a tooth was being extracted. He was perfectly unmoved when witnessing the most excruciating agonies; not from any innate cruelty of disposition, but simply because he was himself almost insensible to pain. His father used to say, that he would have made a subject of his own hand or arm, rather than go without. And this was not altogether such an exaggeration as it would seem; for he had during several weeks an open wound in his leg, brought on by an accident, which must have caused him intense suffering every time it was dressed; and yet he endured the oft-repeated torture without the quiver of a muscle. This young enthusiast had an old lumber-room at the top of his father's house, which he used to call The Museum; and thither he had conveyed, from time to time, a collection of the strangest odds and ends that were ever brought together in the same apartment.

The doctor's equanimity would have been seriously disturbed if, by any chance, he had ever crossed its threshold, and witnessed its wild disorder. A deal table near the window was covered with worn-out surgical instruments, which it was Jack's delight to sharpen for his own private anatomical studies. A tourniquet, carefully cobbled up by his own hands, was a special favorite; and it afforded him great pleasure to try it on any of his friends,—who would submit to the infliction; and, in default of an accommodating patient, he would fasten it upon one of his own limbs, and screw it up to the utmost pitch of endurance. The skeleton of a cat grinned at the skeleton of a monkey on a shelf opposite the door; and he was fond of them exceedingly. Bones of every description strewed the floor indiscriminately. But his chief possession—the prize which distanced everything else in his estimation—was the hideous discolored skull of a man, who had been hung for murder at the county gaol. The miserable being had killed his sweetheart in the out-house of a neighboring farm, because she was desirous of breaking off their engagement; probably, through an instinctive dread of his ferocious disposition.

We spent many a happy hour in this unique studio with Jack, during the Easter vacation; staying there to the last moment, and then scampering home just in time to save our credit.

"Are you not afraid to come up here in the dark, Jack?" Borlase asked one day.

"Not a bit of it," was Jack's answer; "I'm not afraid of doing something far worse than that."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Why, I'm not afraid of coming up here in the moonlight; and with that murdering cove grinning at you, it is enough to make a fellow feel a bit queer, I can tell you."

"I say, Jack," Thornton said, after a few minutes' silence, during which he had evidently been turning something important over in his mind, "do you think you could lend us that skull for a night or two?"

"What for?"

"For such a lark. I'll dress it up in my night-gown, and frighten cook and Mary."

"Stunning," we all exclaimed, by universal consent.

"I say, Jack," Thornton continued, "but you will lend it us, old fellow, won't you? You shall have it back all right."

As it was simply a question of unmitigated mischief, the result of our deliberations may be anticipated without much difficulty. A faded purple bag, profusely stained with pale brown spots by the many uses to which it had been applied, was produced by our host; and with the skull concealed therein, we set off home. The doctor was going out to dinner the next day, so we resolved to postpone our enterprise till the following evening. As it was nearly full moon, it would be just the thing for our purpose, if it should be a fine night. Thornton took the bag, with its contents, up into our bed-room, and hid it underneath his bed. The next day Dr. and Mrs. Bloxam went out to dinner, and only the cook, Mary, and our three selves, were left in the house. Borlase and Thornton went up-stairs to make their arrangements, and I remained alone in the dining-hall. We thought it would excite suspicion, if we all went up together into our room.

Their preparations were soon completed. The hideous skull was so placed in the full light of the moon, supported by a bolster tied round a cricket-bat, and dressed in Thornton's night-gown, that it seemed as if it were sitting up in bed. When all was ready, Borlase came quietly down the stairs, and I went up to see what they had contrived. Although I knew what to expect, I was very much startled, as I entered the room just as St. Oswald's clock tolled nine o'clock from the adjacent tower. There was something that almost terrified me in the ghost-like creature, which sat up in the bed staring at me, with the full light of the moon streaming in upon it through the window.

"I say, Thornton," I half remonstrated, "I'm afraid this is too bad."

"Never mind," was his answer; "it is too late to think of that now. It will be such jolly fun."

And so we picked our way noiselessly down the stairs, cautiously descending step by step. Borlase, after a while, rang the bell, and presently we heard Mary coming along the passage, carrying the tray with our supper.

"That's right, Mary," said Thornton, "I'm awfully hungry. What time will the doctor be home to-night?"

"Not till late, Master Thornton. He left orders that you were to go to bed at ten o'clock."

"How jolly!" cried Thornton; "then we have nearly an hour. I say, Mary, you're a good creature! I wish you would go up into our room and fetch me a book you will find under my pillow."

"Yes, Master Thornton; but you had no business to put it there."

And off Mary tripped on her obliging errand; whilst we followed on tip-toe to the foot of the staircase. Presently we heard a most appalling shriek. The window of the room was thrown up with great violence,

"DIEGO, AWAKE! HOW CAN YOU SLEEP AT SUCH A TIME?"

and a crash of broken glass was heard at the same moment. We all ran up-stairs in the greatest alarm. The window was wide open, and the grinning wretch in Borlase's bed was swaying to and fro in the wind, which swept through the apartment; but Mary was no where to be seen. Our room opened into the next, and we rushed in, hoping to find her there. But not a trace of her was to be discovered. We ran down to fetch the cook, and she came up with a candle; but still no Mary was to be found. We procured additional lights, and went through the whole house. We searched everywhere. Every corner and cupboard was examined, as we wildly hurried from one place to another in our anxiety. We lighted a lantern, and pried into every nook and angle out of doors; going up and down the walks, and even among the rows of cabbages in the kitchen-garden, in our trouble to know what had become of poor Mary. Stroke by stroke the great bell of St. Oswald's tolled out ten o'clock, and yet no discovery had been made.

We did not dream of going to bed. White, trembling, and cold, we sat over the cheerless dining-hall fire, waiting for, and yet dreading, the doctor's return. And a long weary time it was, as we covered over the dead grate, listening to the cook's stealthy tread as she moved about in the silent passages. At length we heard the wheels of the doctor's carriage; at first in the distance, along the road, and then more distinctly, as they crushed the gravel in the approach to the front door. A startling ring awoke the echoes of the empty building; and cook ran to open the door, letting in a rush of cold night air, as the doctor and Mrs. Bloxam came in and passed on to their sitting-room. And then we heard the cook follow, and shut the door. Once more all was silent.

That miserable ten minutes of suspense! My mouth was parched, my head was burning hot, but I shivered with cold. Thornton sat as bloodless as a ghost. Borlase was silently crying, and I saw the drops trickle through his fingers and fall upon the fender. The doctor's door was opened, and cook came to us, saying, "The doctor wishes to speak to you."

"Jane," said Dr. Bloxam to the cook, as we entered, "go to Smithson at once, and tell him he must come up immediately, and he had better bring one of the other constables with him."

"And now, boys, tell me all about this sad business."

We told him the whole story, just as everything had happened. He was very calm, allowing us to recount all the circumstances quite in our own way. He only interrupted us occasionally to ask a question or two. Much sooner than I could have thought it possible, Smithson arrived, and we had to tell all our story over again in his presence. He did not speak a word, until we had finished; and then he proposed that we should go up-stairs with him whilst he inspected the room. He went to the window at once, and looked out into the moon-light night.

"If she jumped out of this window in her fright she'll be found down there," he said, pointing with his finger down the descent. "Couldn't have stopped herself." "Scarcely think she could have done anything so desperate." "If she went that way," still pointing downwards, as he peered into the gloom caused by the mists of the river, upon which the moon was shining, "she was mad when she did it, and she'll be dead now. Jim," he said to his subordinate, "get a lantern, and see if you can find anything down there."

Jim went and fetched a lantern, and presently appeared beneath the window. We watched him, as he searched about with his light close to the ground. He did not succeed in making any discovery which helped us at all in our anxious investigation. I think it was Thornton, who now whispered that he thought he saw something white, a little way down the face of the broken ground. We all thought we could see something, as soon as it was pointed out. Jim was thereupon to go cautiously to the edge of the descent, and try if he could make anything out of this object. He crept forward a little way, and then, stretching out his lantern in advance, its light fell upon a servant's white cap. Thornton gave my hand a grip of silent agony, and poor Borlase sobbed aloud.

"Here, Jane," the doctor whispered, "take these boys to bed in another room.—Smithson," he continued, "you had better come down at once, and we will go round and examine the path by the river side."

Smithson and the doctor descended the stairs; and we, poor lads, went to bed. I cannot describe that awful night. I shudder even now, as I recall it. It was hopeless misery. We had but the frames and hearts of young boys to bear up under an amount of terror, which would have been almost too much for strong men to endure. We all undressed in silence, and crept into bed.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful," cried Borlase, sitting up in his bed to listen, thinking he heard some sound; but all was quiet.

"Don't cry so, Borlase," I said, ready to sob outright myself; "we didn't mean it, you know." After a while, we fell off into a wearied, disturbed sleep.

When I awoke the next morning from my troubled slumber, I found that Thornton, already dressed, was just leaving the room. Borlase was still fast asleep, with his arm lying outside the coverlet; but the nervous twitching of his fingers seemed to show that he was disquieted with painful dreams. I was sitting up, trying to collect my thoughts, when Thornton burst into the room shouting out,

"Hurrah! Mary is found, and she's all right."

"Stop that, Thornton," I said, "and don't be such a fool."

Borlase had sprung up, and looking wildly about him, he said,

"Oh, Thornton, you needn't—But what did you say? I didn't hear," he added, in an excited, imploring tone.

"Why, old fellow, I said that Mary is all right. I've just seen her in the kitchen, as fresh as a lark. She said to me, as soon as she saw me, 'Well, Master Thornton, you won't carry on such a game as this again in a hurry, I'll be bound.'"

Borlase turned round, and hid his face in his pillow; and when I went to him after a few minutes, and told him he had better get up, his pillow was wet with his tears.

In order to account for Mary's re-appearance safe and sound, it is necessary to remind the reader, that when we brought home the skull Jack had lent us, Thornton concealed the bag in which it was contained under his bed. Mary found it there, as a matter of course, the next morning. We might have known this, if we had given the matter a thought, for it was very unlikely it would escape her quick eye. She wondered, when first she discovered it, what in the world we wanted with it. She scented mischief in a moment; but what particular kind of mischief we had on hand she could not imagine. She had no doubt, however, that she should be able to find out, if she kept her eyes open. And so it happened, that whilst Thornton and Borlase were up-stairs dressing their phantom, Mary was perfectly aware of their doings, and actually enjoyed a private view of their handiwork, when we had all come down into the hall after everything had been made ready. Her own counterplot was promptly planned. With a semblance of the most perfect unconsciousness she answered our bell; and when, at Thornton's request, she went up-stairs to fetch the book, he had named, from under his pillow, she uttered the loud scream which had alarmed us so terribly; and then, running to the window, she threw it up. Her object in doing this was to render her temporary disappearance more unaccountable, as she had already arranged in her own mind a way of escaping our notice. One of the panes of glass was broken as she threw up the window, but this was an accident. At the same time her cap fell off, and a swirl of wind carried it beyond her reach. She concealed herself immediately, behind the door; and when we rushed into the room, and passed at once into the adjoining chamber, she quietly came out of her retreat, and slipped down the stairs, leaving the house by the door which opened into the play-ground. On she went by the garden-walk into the lane, intending to run down to her mother's house, which was not far distant, and remain there for half-an-hour, until she thought we had been well frightened by her mysterious disappearance.

As she was hurrying down the lane, she passed the door of a young married friend; it was partly open, and, hearing her baby cry, she peeped in. Her friend was sitting up for her husband, whom she was expecting every minute, as his boat had come up the river with the last tide. Mary took the baby, and carried it about the room until it was quiet, but the mother, in the meanwhile, had fallen asleep.

Seating herself before the fire, with the baby on her lap, she became so drowsy as to be unconscious of the lateness of the hour. She was astonished and very much alarmed, when the young sailor came in, and told her that it was past one o'clock. He went with her along the lane, but they must have arrived at the school-house some time after the doctor and Smithson had returned from their fruitless search by the river-side. Looking up at the windows, and observing that all was quiet, she concluded that her absence had not attracted much notice. She returned, therefore, to her friend's house, intending to be back in time for her morning's work, and hoping that her explanation of what had occurred would satisfy Mrs. Bloxam.

As long as I live, I shall remember the wretchedness of that miserable night; and I have made a resolution, with respect to practical joking, that I will never have a hand in anything of the kind again.

LAST LOVE.

First love is a pretty romance,
But not half so sweet as is reckoned;
And when one awakes from the trance,
There's a vast stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should a second subside,
A lover should never despair;
The world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair.

The poets their raptures may tell,
Who have never been put to the test;
A first love is all very well,
But, believe me, the last love's the best.

DIEGO, THE MOUNTAIN PATRIOT.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

Diego Corrientez was the terror of Mexico. He had the reputation of being the most cunning, daring, and merciless chieftain that had ever quartered upon the Popocatepetl mountains.

But it was the Spanish aristocracy of Mexico who particularly feared him, for he appeared to hold an especial spite against them.

An ardent advocate of Mexican Independence, he had become so obnoxious to the Spanish authorities, that it was impossible to live in peace with them. So he waged a fierce warfare against the whole class from the mountains, and received from them in return the undeserved epithet of bandit and robber.

Corrientez was sleeping in his cave. The apartment, or rather the apartments—for there appeared to be a long range of connecting halls, seemed to be cut from the very centre of an immense rocky ledge, but the regular walls were only the result of extensive chiselling, for the caverns were natural, although very much improved by the hand of man.

To still improve the general appearance, heavy drapery hung on all sides, and handsome chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, while day and night dozens of lamps were burning, rendering the otherwise dismal abode light and cheerful.

Upon a sumptuous couch was stretched Diego Corrientez. He was soundly sleeping, while upon his handsome face a smile rested. He was guiltless of crime, or else all haunting spectres had fled from him at that moment, leaving his repose as peaceful as that of an infant.

He was alone, and there was no sign of life anywhere to be seen.

Suddenly the form of a female came in view.

She sped rapidly across the apartment, while she evinced the wildest excitement.

Her head was uncovered, and her hair was flying in wandering masses over her shoulders, while blood stained her face and her bare arms.

As she approached the couch she cried,

"Diego, awake! How can you sleep at such a time as this?"

The man started up, rubbed his eyes, and glancing at the woman, said,

"Is that you, Cora? I am glad you have returned, for you have been gone so long that I had really become uneasy with regard to you."

But at that instant he caught sight of the blood, and leaping from the bed he continued—

"My God, Cora, what is the matter?"

"Our child, Diego," she answered.

"What of our little Cora?"

"She has been torn from my arms, and carried to the city. Let me calm myself, and tell you the story, for we must act promptly, but with great caution."

"For the love of heaven, let me hear everything."

"Yes, you shall. While you were still sleeping this morning, I took our little Cora in my arms, and sallied forth to breathe the pure mountain air. I wandered farther than was my wont, and finally paused upon the cliff which overlooks the lake. Here I saw some grapes, and placing my infant upon the green moss, I went to gather some of them."

"Leaving her alone?"

"Yes; I did not go but a few rods from her, however, and I am sure that I could not have been absent more than five minutes from her side."

"And yet she had disappeared during that time?"

"Yes. When I returned my child was nowhere to be found. I called upon her name, but no answer came back to me. Oh! what agony filled my soul at that moment, as it struck me at once that our darling had fallen from the ledge; and had such really been the case, she would have been torn into pieces upon the ragged rocks below. For some moments I could not control my feelings sufficiently to approach the ledge and look over it. But at length I did so, when away down in the valley I saw two men riding towards the city, and they held our darling in their arms. I called with all my strength. The men heard me, and turning, looked behind them. They then urged their horses forward at a more rapid rate."

"And you followed?"

"Oh, yes. A mother's love lent me wings, with which I almost flew down that ledge. Over frightful rocks and broken ledges I passed, I scarcely knew how. I had no thought of danger; I could only think of my child. And so for miles I ran, my strength increasing instead of failing me. But I could not overtake the men, for they rode onward with great rapidity."

"They entered the city?"

"Yes, and from that moment were lost to view."

"And you could not find them?"

"I have not seen our Cora since, but I learned something terrible with regard to her."

"Tell me that she is not dead!"

"No; but death is hovering over her."

"Oh, who would be inhuman enough to injure that little innocent?"

"You shall hear. As soon as I reached the city, I wandered about in every direction, making inquiries. But I heard nothing until I reached the grand plaza."

"What did you learn there?"

"The bells of the city began to call the people together, and in an hour after my arrival there, thousands of people were assembled, all expecting some important announcement or great event. And at length that announcement came."

"What was it?"

"It was that the infant daughter of Diego Corrientez had been captured. She was at that moment in the hands of the city officials, and she would be beheaded in the public square at sunset the next day."

"Oh, the cowardly wretches!"

"Do you think they would do this, Diego?"

"They are heartless enough to do anything—even that. But they would not dare do it, for they well know that there would not be a public official left alive in the city three months after it. But tell me how this announcement was received."

"With cheers and with groans. Some appeared to be rejoiced that even an infant having the blood of Corrientez flowing in its veins, was to be given up to death."

"Short-sighted fools."

"Others denounced such an act in no measured terms, and swore that it should not be carried into execution while they lived. Oh, my husband, what is to be done?"

"Content yourself as well as you can, Cora. It is only the absence of your child that you have cause to mourn, for they will not harm it."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"Then why was such an announcement made?"

"Can you not conceive?"

"Indeed I cannot."

"It is very plain to me. You know that for a long time a price has been set upon my head, but that all attempts to capture me have failed. Every attack upon our stronghold has cost them many lives; and now they have hit upon this present plan."

"Still I do not understand."

"They have declared that the child should be executed. They knew very well that I would hear of this, and they know that I have a father's love in my bosom, robber though they term me. They feel sure that I will make the attempt to rescue my darling, and then they can capture me. This pretended execution is only a pretext to bring me into the square to-morrow at sunset."

"And yet you will be there?"

"I shall; but in a guise they will least expect to find me in. But how is it that you appear before me in this manner?"

"After I heard this announcement, I began to mingle with those who were evidently our enemies, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, where they had placed Cora. But it was not long before I was recognized, and a cry was raised that Corrientez's wife was present. I was pointed out and seized at once; but I was almost immediately rescued by persons I did not know, and set upon a horse. Then I was bidden to ride for my life, and take the particulars of the capture of my child to my husband."

"You did not know these people?"

"I did not; but I took their advice. A great number of shots were fired at me as I fled, but not one of them touched me. I saw that I was pursued, and I urged my horse to the top of his speed. In coming up the mountain, I did not take the regular path, for I wished to mislead those who were following me. It was in passing through the thick undergrowth that I became so bruised and scratched."

"You say you were followed?"

"Yes; and if I am not mistaken, there is a large troop of horsemen coming this way."

"Let me make an observation."

In company with his wife the robber left his cave. The sight which met their eyes was beautifully grand.

The night, which had been densely dark, was now as brilliant as at noonday.

The volcano was sending forth its stream of fire, and its brilliant glow rendered everything for miles around distinctly visible, while the whitish-blue cast of the glow gave a richness to the whole, which was really charming.

Corrientez turned his eyes toward the blazing volcano, and said—

"If the wretches in yonder city harm my child, I will bury every one who has any hand in the affair in the very centre of that blazing mountain. Pedro Durango is at the head of the business. Let him beware! He will repent the day that he attempted to capture me by seizing my daughter."

"Look yonder," exclaimed the wife, pointing down the mountain.

The light revealed a movement which otherwise would have been unseen.

A body of soldiers were visible, moving rapidly along, and deploying at the base of the ridge. There were some hundreds of them, and they were stretched out over a space of several miles.

A smile curled the lips of the patriot, as he saw this, and he said—

"The cowards! They think I will come down from the mountain to-night, and that

they will surprise and seize upon me. They dare not wait until sunset to-morrow, and meet me in the square."

"What will you do, Diego?"

"I shall go into the city to-night."

"Can you pass that line, think you?"

"Cora, you have never known me to have such an incentive to exertion as at the present time, and yet I seldom fail in what I attempt. Will you go with me to the city?"

"You certainly could not expect me to remain behind?"

The necessary disguises were procured, arms were brought into requisition, and the patriot and his wife took their way down the steep declivity, fully resolved to recover their child, and to punish those who had dared to deprive them of it, even for a single hour.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE MANSION.

Diego knew that the troops who were now stationed at the foot of the mountain were a portion of the National Guard. He had a uniform in his cave, such as was worn by the officers of this troop, and he donned it at once. The wife dressed herself as an officer's servant.

Thus disguised, they felt that it would not be a difficult matter to escape detection, if they could only reach the line of soldiers without being discovered. But this would not be an easy matter, as the mountain was rendered so light by the volcano fires, that any moving object would easily be detected when passing some barrier-points.

After a time, however, they succeeded in reaching the base of the ridge; and while they kept themselves carefully concealed behind the stunted undergrowth, they made a survey of matters around them. Not a soldier was in sight, and, to all appearances, everything was as nature had formed it.

At that instant the thunders of the volcano became terrific, and the streams of fire which it belched forth were double that which Diego had ever seen before. He stood for a moment gazing upon the magnificent spectacle in silence and admiration; but suddenly recollecting himself, he whispered:

"Cora, every soldier will be gazing upon that grand scene, as well as ourselves. Their attention is attracted at this moment, and now is our time. Come!"

Boldly the patriot and his wife stepped forth. They walked along, and had advanced a considerable distance into the valley, when they saw half a dozen men rush forth from a clump of timber, and ride rapidly toward them. They did not, however, manifest the slightest uneasiness, and as the horsemen came up, Diego, said—

"Men, I think I was in error. I felt sure that I saw a man walking along here, but if so, he has disappeared very suddenly."

The men saluted, and replied—

"It was yourself who attracted our attention, captain, and we could not recognize you at such a distance. But we see that it is all right."

"Yes. But return to your posts and keep a sharp look out. I feel sure that the rascal will be down some time during the night."

"We will keep a strict watch, captain," replied the men, and they turned about.

"Stay," exclaimed Diego. "I want to go down to the edge of the lake, and it is too far to walk. Ride back one of you, and bring my own and my servant's horse. No, let me have two of your horses, and you can take mine if you require any before I return."

Two of the men dismounted, and Diego was soon upon the back of one animal, while Cora mounted the other. They were about to set off, when another horseman rode up, and asked—

"What officer is this?"

"It is captain—I don't know the name," replied one of the soldiers.

"Let me see his face."

The officer rode close to Diego, and looking him in the face, remarked—

"I don't recognize you, sir; and I think I should be able to identify all our captains. Who are you?"

"Armand St. Rosa, at your service," replied Diego.

The commander bowed low, and then extending his hand, said—

"I must crave your pardon, Signor, for urging an identification of yourself. You are one of our new additions, and an honorary member. I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"I was enjoying this magnificent sight. But I will not keep you from your duties, captain. Farewell for a short time."

Diego turned his horse's head towards the city, and rode off at a rapid rate, followed by his wife.

As they advanced, she asked,

"Diego, have you recently become a member of the Guard under the name of St. Rosa?"

"No; but I learn that the resemblance between St. Rosa and myself is very remarkable. He, I believe, is a Cuban, and has lately arrived in Mexico. This resemblance between us may benefit me."

But little more was said—and just before daylight the city was reached.

They found no difficulty in passing along, as the uniform worn was a capital passport, and after a time they drew rein before the house of Pedro Durango.

"Are you going to visit this villain?" asked Cora, glancing towards the door.

"Yes."

"He may recognise you."

"I shall run the venture. I am prepared for anything."

Diego knocked loudly at the door, and he was soon admitted.

He inquired for the master, and was informed that he was in his library and visible.

He ascended the stairs, and just as he reached the door of the library, a little child three or four years of age, came from within, and as she did so, she exclaimed,

"Good-bye, papa."

Diego caught Cora by the arm, and whispered,

"That is Durango's child. Take it to some place of concealment, and there we will have the means of holding our enemy in check."

The wife nodded assent, and the patriot boldly entered the room where Durango was seated.

The magnate was very busy with persons who had called upon business, and did not observe the new arrival for several moments.

But at length he looked up, and catching the eyes of Diego, he exclaimed,

"Ah, my dear St. Rosa, are you back from the mountains?"

"I have just this moment arrived."

"You have heard nothing of Corrientes, I suppose?"

"Nothing. I left early. But I called to learn your wishes with regard to the affair of to-day."

"Oh, about the child?"

"Yes."

"Well, we don't want to butcher the little thing, you know. It is in a safe place, as you are well aware, and it must be kept until we find its father."

"But the people will expect an execution at sundown."

"We will let them assemble. If the robber is caught before that hour, we will hang him up. If he is not, we will have an image on hand, and pretend that we are going to execute it. This may bring the father out, and we may then be able to nab him. We must not venture to take the real baby out, for the villian has a host of friends, and they may attempt a rescue of the brat."

"What will you eventually do with the infant, if you do not catch Corrientes?"

"Dash its brains out, of course—provided nobody wants it."

"I will take it."

"Oh, you shall be welcome, if we don't catch its father in a month."

At that instant one of the guard came into the room, and Durango asked—

"Well, what news do you bring?"

"It has been discovered that there were two Armand St. Rosas with the guard last night. As both can't be genuine, it is supposed that one of them is the robber, disguised as St. Rosa."

"Indeed! We will look out for the fellow."

A second soldier now entered, and said—

"We have arrested a person believed to be the robber, Diego Corrientes. He declares himself to be St. Rosa; but we have pretty good proof that he is not."

"I should think so," said Durango, smiling and winking at his guest. "But what proof have you that your supposed Corrientes is not St. Rosa?"

"His words are enough."

"And what were those words?"

"He denounces you as a murderous wretch. He says that the seizure of the child was a brutal act, and one that heathens should be ashamed of, and that if you do not give up the infant, he will take some means to force you to do it."

"He says that, does he?"

"He does."

"Then you may be sure you have got the right man."

A third soldier entered, and said:

"We have really caught the robber. There are hundreds who have identified our prisoner. There is no mistaking him, although he is disguised as a guard-officer, and declares himself to be St. Rosa."

"We know whether he is St. Rosa or not," said Durango, smiling knowingly.

"Have you any orders concerning the prisoner?"

"Yes. Have the bells rung, and hang him up in an hour. See that the guard surround the scaffold, and that they keep the crowd back. Order them to instantly shoot down any who dare murmur, or even express an opinion adverse to my orders."

"It shall be done."

At this instant a servant came into the library and asked for the child.

"Lettie left the room *some time since*," returned the father. "Have you not seen her?"

"We thought she was here, sir."

"Search for her at once."

The search began. High and low, through the entire house and yards, ran the frightened household, calling upon the name of the little one. But no answer came, and the cries of the mother became agonized shrieks, while the father was deeply affected, although he said but little. No one had seen the little girl, and not the least idea as to where she had gone could be formed. But during the search, the lost Lettie was sitting upon the lap of Diego's wife, up in the attic of a building which overlooked the Grand Plaza. The little girl had been weeping, but Cora had quieted it with kind words and tender embraces. She felt that she must keep it as a hostage for her own; but she was trying to make its captivity as agreeable as possible.

During the excitement consequent upon the lose of the child, Diego Corrientes left the mansion of Durango, and walked toward the plaza.

The thoughts which occupied his mind were varied, and his feelings were conflicting. Life to him was sweet, and the desire to regain possession of his infant strong. But he now had a duty of another character before him.

Armand St. Rosa had been arrested as himself. He had brought this upon St. Rosa by assuming the guard-uniform and passing himself off as that young man.

And St. Rosa was to be executed in an hour.

Then another thought came to the mind of the patriot.

St. Rosa had acted nobly. He had denounced Durango in bitter terms, and had said that the capture of the child was a brutal outrage. He had even declared that he would assist Corrientes to recover his infant. If such was really the case, was not duty plainly marked out before him?

So it appeared.

The bells were tolling, and people began to hurry from all directions towards the grand square. Diego reached it himself, and saw a great crowd assembled.

The guard were drawn up around the scaffold, and the victim sat upon it. It was in vain that he had declared who he was. The real St. Rosa was at that moment at the house of Durango. True some friends of St. Rosa were puzzled; but the reason explained all.

Some of the poorer classes had ventured to speak in favor of the patriot, and a few had been shot down. The others remained silent, in consequence; but they were, like the volcano had been but a few days before, ready to burst.

All they wanted was a leader. But Diego did not know this feeling. He crept near the scaffold, and gazed into the eyes of the noble young man.

He saw him standing firmly up, as the rope was being placed around his neck.

Diego knew that the fatal moment had now come. He could endure this no longer, but he sprang upon the scaffold, and, in a loud voice, cried,

"Release that noble young man. He is the true Armand St. Rosa, and I am Diego Corrientes!"

CHAPTER III.

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

For a moment after this announcement, not a sound was heard, or a living soul moved.

It appeared as if everybody was stricken dumb.

The executioner stared, the judges appeared thunderstruck, while the guard gazed in wonder and admiration upon the daring man who had thus nobly sacrificed himself.

But the masses soon found their tongues, and cheer after cheer arose upon the air.

This fact recalled the officials to their senses, and addressing the commander of the troops, Durango cried,

"Silence those wretches! Do it with sabre and musket, or ride over them, and trample them into the earth!"

Then, turning to Diego, the chief asked,

"Are you the man who came to my library this morning?"

"I am," replied he, firmly.

"And you declare that you are not St. Rosa, but that you are Diego Corrientes?"

"I am Diego Corrientes."

"What has induced you to declare yourself thus, when you might have escaped?"

"I am not, like Pedro Durango, a coward. I will not see an innocent man die in my place."

"But you are aware that you must die?"

"Yes, but not now."

Diego glanced at the rope, and at the beam above his head, while a smile of scorn curled his lips.

"Perhaps," continued Durango, "you think the wretched populace will rescue you? I know they have the will, but have they the power? Listen to their shrieks. A few moments since, they were cheering. Look at my guard. They are cutting right and left with their sabres, and the plebians are falling under their strokes. See the wretched rabble run. Do you think they are likely to rescue you?"

"If they could only hear my voice, and know that I would lead them, they would rally at my call. I would not ask them to fight for me, but for themselves. I would tell them to resist such oppression, and to avenge their wrongs."

"No doubt with such a leader as yourself they would give even my guard some trouble. But you cannot make your voice heard above those shrieks, and, before silence is restored, you will be hanging lifeless from yonder beam."

"You will not give the order for my execution, Pedro Durango."

"What shall prevent me?"

"Think you that I would place my life in the hands of such a tyraut and merciless wretch as you are, without first knowing that you were in my power, and that you dare not harm me?"

"How am I in your power?"

"Where is your child?"

Durango turned pale as this question was asked, and exclaimed—

"What of my child?"

"She disappeared this morning, did she not?"

"She did; but what do you know of her!"

"I will tell you. Faithful friends of mine are now among that crowd, and they are gazing upon me. If they see me released, all will be well; but the moment they discover that you have harmed me, they will leave the city, and proceed at once to the top of yonder volcano."

"But what has all this to do with me!"

"Standing upon the crater of that volcano *they will find a woman*. She *will be* holding a child in her arms. They will say to her, 'your husband is no more,' and, the instant these words are spoken, she will hurl the child into the bowels of the mountain, among the burning lava!"

"Oh! horrible!" groaned Durango, covering his face with his hands, as if he would shut out the terrible picture which had been painted. At length he asked—

"Who is the woman of whom you speak, and who the child?"

"The woman is Cora Corrientes, my wife; the child is Lettie Durango."

"I do not believe you."

"You know that I speak truly."

"How could your wife come into possession of my child?"

"I will tell you. As I approached your library door this morning I saw your daughter just coming from the room. My wife was in the hall dressed as my servant. A brief whisper passed between us, and in five minutes after, Lettie was on her way to the volcano."

The father believed all this to be true, and he gasped—

"What would you have me do?"

"Permit me to depart, and return my own child to me. Do this, and to-morrow you shall receive your daughter."

"What assurance have I that you will return my child?"

"You can only have my word."

"That is of little moment to me. I do not even know that you are speaking truly with regard to the capture of Lettie."

"You may doubt me, but you will not run so fearful a risk as to act upon that doubt."

For a few moments Durango remained in a low conversation with several of his officers, and then turning to Diego again, he said—

"I will not spare your life, even though I am compelled to sacrifice my daughter. The public demand your death, and that demand shall not be made in vain. But you must recollect that your own offspring is in my power. I will deal only with your wife. Tell me where a messenger will reach her, and I will send to her at once. We will exchange child for child. This is all I can do."

"Then bid your murderers do their work."

"Where can your wife be found?"

"It will be useless to find her and say that her husband is dead."

"Surely she would not sacrifice her own little one?"

"She will act to the letter as I have instructed her."

A low conversation now took place between Durango and his officers which Diego could not hear. The villainous chief said—

"I know not how to act. What can I do?"

"Torture will bring the man to terms," suggested one.

"If we remove the prisoner his spies will follow us, and will learn all that is taking place."

"You can easily deceive them as well as the masses."

"In what manner?"

"The robber turned to account his wonderful resemblance to St. Rosa. You can do the same."

"I do not understand."

"It is plain. Here are two men standing upon the scaffold. They are uniformed precisely alike, and they bear a strong resemblance to each other. Place St. Rosa in a carriage, and drive rapidly away, at the same time having proclaimed that it is the robber, and that you are going to set him free. Drive to your own mansion with the man, and detain him there. The friends of the robber will be deceived by this and the wife, learning that her husband has been spared, will not injure your child, and you will have time to plan for her rescue."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

How to Save the Drowning.

It may save the lives of some who are drowning, if the following suggestion is borne in mind by persons who are near the spot; it is made by one who has been a swimmer nearly all his life, and who accustomed himself to diving constantly for a considerable period, and therefore knows what he is writing about. Many of the deaths, indeed most of those that occur when bathing, take place near the shore, and are caused by the sudden immersion of the bather in a hole where the water rises above his head, possibly only to the extent of a few inches, and from whence he might easily escape if he only had the presence of mind to keep himself straight and raise himself above the surface by giving a slight spring to see in what direction the land lies, getting his lungs full of fresh air and making his way out of the hole in the same way he probably got into it, by walking. Persons however who are not accustomed to the water seldom have any presence of mind when they encounter accidents of this sort; indeed those who are accustomed to it but are not able to swim, are just as stupid, and waste the precious moments during which they can keep the water from entering their lungs, in wild struggles, instead of attempting to realize their position. I can remember an instance where a boy with whom I was bathing slipped into a hole at the bend of the river, from which he could have walked with hardly any inconvenience, but instead of taking this course he began to kick out in every direction, and his face presented a series of contortions so hideous and so rapid in their change that though it occurred years and years ago the picture is as vivid as when it happened. In such clear water there was no difficulty in walking under it and laying hold of the arm of my playmate and dragging him back into shallow water, and thus saving his life. Now, whenever we read that an individual is suddenly engulphed in this way, we are told, if a swimmer chanced to be near, that he rushed in, swam to the spot, and dived after the drowning person, sometimes succeeding in catching hold of the victim and bringing him to the surface; not unfrequently wasting his own strength in vain efforts to effect what he might readily have accomplished by a more judicious employment of his strength and courage. To dive, especially with the clothes on, is not such an easy operation as it may appear, and is attended by a disturbance of the water, an expenditure of muscular force, and an interference with the regular action of the lungs, for which there is not any necessity. Let a man when he is performing such a bold deed cease from swimming when he reaches the spot where he expects to find the person he wants to save, and suffer himself to drop quietly to the bottom on his feet. He will then have all his wits about him, will remember in what direction he *has to go if he has come from the land*, and will be able to select the part by which to grasp the drowning man and so to keep himself from being seized in a way that would be likely to result in the drowning of both. It would astonish many a swimmer to find how long he can preserve his strength, and continue his search, if he operates in this quiet way.

The Mixer.

We find the following in a New York paper. It is an illustration of the old adage about going abroad to find out what is doing at home:—

"There may be seen daily, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a man clad in faultless apparel, with a great diamond upon his breast, vainly endeavoring to outglitter the magnificent *solitaire* upon his finger. In a German university he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knows it better. His occupation is the mixing and the adulteration of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of deodorized alcohol, and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or a popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug-store, bearing a large basket on his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are first weighed out for him. To raw liquor this imparts a degree of smoothness, of oleagiousness, that gives to imitation brandy the glibness of that which is best matured. An astringent called catchu, that would almost close the mouth of a glass inkstand, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to the vest pocket; and a pound of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to the liquid poison, are always kept in store. The mixer buys these things in various quarters. They are the staples of his art."

☞ LITTLE GREAT MEN.—Napoleon the Great, wearing high-heeled boots, stood before the picture of Alexander by the painter David, and, taking out his snuff-box with apparent satisfaction, said, "Ah! Alexander was shorter than I am!" It is curious how many great men have been short men—the reason probably is, that where so little matter is wasted on the legs, there is more to put into the brains.

☞ There have been so many contradictory statements published recently respecting the financial condition of the Federal Government, that the result has been to leave many fair-minded men in considerable of a puzzle. One undeniable fact has startled many of these, and that is that they should have been for the first time made aware that the "Register's" Receipts and Expenditures did not include everything—but that there is a separate and distinct account of Receipts and Expenditures, called the "Treasurer's"—and these two accounts have to be added to get the sum total.

☞ FAIRLY MATCHED.—An ardent young couple called upon a Chicago minister the other evening and were made one. Half an hour afterwards a Chicago banker rushed into the minister's house, learned the facts, and went away very red in the face because his daughter had married "*that* fellow." Half an hour later still a Chicago broker rushed into the minister's house, learned the facts, and went away very, very red in the face because his son had married "*that* girl."

☞ Never own that a woman is right. Do it once, and on the very conceit of it she'll be always wrong for the rest of her life.

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5. Five Government Directors, appointed by the President of the United States, are responsible to the country for the management of its affairs.

6. Three United States Commissioners must certify that the road is well built and equipped, and in all respects a first-class railway, before any bonds can be issued upon it.

7. The United States Government lends the Company its own bonds to the same amount that the Company issues, for which it takes a second mortgage as security.

8. As additional aid, it makes an absolute donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, lying upon each side of the road.

9. The bonds pay six per cent. in gold, and the principal is also payable in gold.

10. The earnings from the local or way business were over FOUR MILLION DOLLARS last year, which, after paying operating expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest. These earnings will be vastly increased on the completion of the entire line in 1869.

12. No political action can reduce the rate of interest. It must remain for thirty years—*six per cent. per annum in gold*, now equal to between eight and nine per cent. in currency. *The principal is then payable in gold.* If a bond, with such guarantees, were issued by the Government, its market price would not be less than from 20 to 25 per cent. premium. As these bonds are issued under Government authority and supervision, upon what is very *largely a Government work, they must ultimately* approach Government prices. No other corporate bonds are made so secure.

13. The issue will soon be exhausted. The sales have sometimes been half a million a day, and nearly twenty millions have already been sold. About ten millions more may be offered. It is not improbable that at some time not far distant, all the remainder of the bonds the Company can issue will be taken by some combination of capitalists and withdrawn from the market, except at a large advance. The long time, the high gold interest, and the perfect security, must make these bonds very valuable for export.

All the predictions which the officers of this Company have made in relation to the progress and business success of their enterprize, or the value and advance in the price of their securities, have been more than confirmed, any they therefore suggest that parties who desire to invest in their bonds *will find it to their advantage to do so at once.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED IN PHILADELPHIA BY

DE HAVEN & BROTHER,
40 SOUTH THIRD STREET.
W. PAINTER & CO.,
36 SOUTH THIRD STREET.
SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO.,
16 SOUTH THIRD STREET,

AND IN NEW YORK

At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street,

and by

John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street,

And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP WAS ISSUED Oct. 1st, containing a report of the progress of the work to that date, and a more complete statement in relation to the value of the bonds than can be given in an advertisement, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents. JOHN J. CISCO,
Oct. 6th, 1868. Treasurer, New York.
oct17-2t

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
19 North Seventh Street,
Philadelphia.
mar14-tf

PRINCE & CO'S.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.
je6-6m

☞ SMART BOY.—At a Sunday-school, the lesson was in the third chapter of John, in which occurs this verse: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." Without thinking of the many answers a child might give to the question, the teacher asked: "How was the serpent lifted up?" One little, bright-eyed boy, who had seen serpents handled before, spoke up very promptly, "By the tail, sir." They have taken him under special instructions.

☞ Never do anything of which you would be ashamed; when any one is looking.

CARVED AND ORNAMENTAL

MARBLE WORKS,

Green Street, Above Seventh,

PHILADELPHIA.

H. S. TARR & SON.

oct17-ft

VERMONT SPRING.

This Spring, which has become so celebrated as a remedy for diseases commonly deemed incurable, is on the Missisquoi River, in Sheldon, Vt. Among the diseases actually cured are Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Salt Rheum, Syphilis, Diseases of the Skin, the Eye, the Scalp, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints.

It was discovered a little over a year since, and immediately won distinction by curing invalids who had tried other springs in vain; and it has now gained a home and European reputation unequalled in so brief a period by any remedial spring in the world.

Its claims are based solely upon its merits.

It has a healing power, equalled by no other spring known, and analysis shows that it possesses properties found in no other. As there is a liability to confound this with other springs in the same vicinity, the bottles are marked in full: "*Vermont Spring, SAXE & CO., Sheldon, Vt.*"

Send for pamphlets.

The water is sold by the principal Druggists, and at the Spring, and by SAXE & CO.,

417 Broome St., New York,

and by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,

sep5-13t 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.

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And how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union, with Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion." It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 800 pages, and is the spiciest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy. Send for circulars and see our terms, and full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. oct17-4t

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OF THE

GREAT REBELLION.

Containing Thrilling Adventures, Daring Deeds, Startling Exploits, and Marvellous Escapes of Spies, Scouts, and Detectives.

The cheapest, most complete and intensely interesting war book published, containing over 500 pages and numerous engravings. Price only $2.75. Send for circular and terms.

Also, FAMILY QUARTO BIBLES, best edition published. WILLIAM FLINT, Publisher, No. 26 South SEVENTH, Philadelphia.

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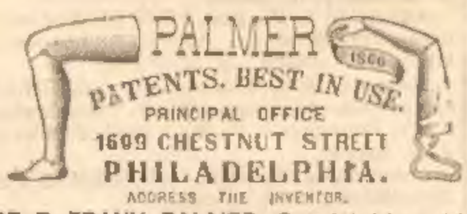

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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TO AMERICAN TRAPPERS.

Being practically acquainted with the system of catching the Fur-bearing animals, I have published receipts setting forth the best modes known for catching the Fox, Wolf, Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Martin and Mink. Also, receipts for making the best scents known to drawn the above animals to the traps. Any person in the United States sending me $1.25, American currency, by mail, paid and registered, will receive in return a full set of my receipts, which I have been selling for the past *four* years, and so far as I am aware they have given general satisfaction. Address P. PENNOCK, Elgin P. O., Leeds Co., Ontario, Canada. oct17-6t

AGENTS WANTED.—THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; Or, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES, is the title of one of the best family Medical Books (of 400 pages, *beautifully illustrated*,) that has ever been offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, the large commission allowed, *and from the fact it cannot be had at the Bookstores*, enable a good agent to make easily from $10 to $20 per day. Price of one book, if sent by mail, $2. Address, for full particulars, the Author and Publisher, Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,

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500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 748 Broadway, New York. my10-6m

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. aug26-6m

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Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 20c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 20c., 25c., best 30c., ℔ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ℔ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

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Just published. Will be found to be exceedingly attractive for young singers, at school and at home. Part I. contains: Musical Notation. Part II. Rounds and Exercises adapted to Physical Action. Part III. Songs for All Occasions, and Part IV. A Fine Collection of Sacred Pieces. By W. O. Perkins, author of "The Nightingale," "Sabbath-School Trumpet," &c. Price 50 cents, on receipt of which copies will be mailed, post-paid.

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Greatly Reduced Prices.

Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
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Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

We will send these Watches by Express with bill to collect on delivery to any part of the country, *and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.*

We have prepared a descriptive price list explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

We invite a comparison of our prices with any others, and any Watch that does not give satisfaction may be exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

☞ *Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.*

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Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

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Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

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Annual Income 500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 30 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $100,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID-UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after one Annual Premium has been paid.

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General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb6-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, now open. For circulars address C. E. HILTON, A. M., GWYNEDD, Montgomery Co., Pa., or apply personally at the College. oct3-2m

$2000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES TO AGENTS to introduce the *Wilson Sewing Machine. Stitch alike on both sides. Samples on 2 weeks trial.* Extra inducements to experienced agents. For further particulars, address the WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. aug29-13t

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

SECURE A HOME

IN THE GOLDEN STATE.

THE

Emigrant Homestead Association

OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the laws of the State, November 30th, 1867, for the purpose of providing

HOME FOR ITS MEMBERS

and to encourage emigration.

CAPITAL STOCK $1,000,000.

Divided into 200,000 shares at $5 each, payable in

U. S. CURRENCY.

Certificates of stock issued to subscribers immediately upon receipt of the money.

NO PERSON ALLOWED TO HOLD MORE THAN FIVE SHARES.

A circular containing a full description of the property to be distributed among the shareholders will be sent to any address upon receipt of stamps to cover return postage.

Information as to price of land in any portion of the State, or upon any other subject of interest to parties preparing to emigrate, will be cheerfully furnished upon receipt of stamps for postage.

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sep12-2m

"*We challenge investigation from any and all quarters as to the legitimate and straightforward character of our business.*"

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S

ONE-PRICE SALE.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER so NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, SILKS, COTTONS, BOOTS & SHOES, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, DRESS GOODS, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,

which are actually selling at an average price of **One Dollar for each article.**

THE LADIES

are specially invited to give us a trial.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

Club of 30—Twenty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 60—Forty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 100—Sixty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND EXCHANGE LIST.

Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each; 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Larger commission to getter-up of club than is allowed by any other firm. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Male and female agents wanted. **Send money in Registered Letters.** Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B. Our sale should not be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,

63 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

oct17-3m

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE

The only **Family Machine** that sets up its own work, knits all sizes, widens and narrows, knits the heel into the stocking, and narrows off the toe complete—producing all varieties of knit goods.

It is *simple, durable, easily operated and warranted to succeed* in the hands of *every purchaser.*

Address, with stamp, for circular and sample stocking, JAS. D. ORNE, General Agent,

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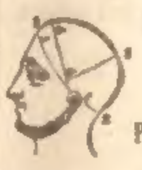

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
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" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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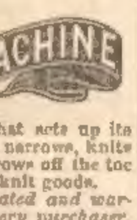

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Or to SAVERY & CO., Manufacturers,
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THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equalled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. We are also manufacturing Ladies' and Gents watches of extra fine and superior finish. Price $20. These are fully equal in appearance and time to gold ones costing two hundred dollars. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

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RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

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DR. SHERMAN'S Inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Morado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je13-1y

THE SUCCESS

Of our One Dollar Sale has caused such

A COMPLETE

REVOLUTION

IN TRADE.

That in order to supply the demand occasioned by our constantly increasing **patronage, we have recently made importations for the full trade, direct from European Manufacturers**

Amounting to Nearly $500,000,

So that we are prepared to sell every description of

Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Cutlery, Watches, Albums, Jewelry, &c.

Of better quality than any other concern in the country for the uniform price of

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

With privilege of exchange from a large variety of useful articles, not one of which could be bought for twice the amount in any other way.

☞ The best of Boston and New York references given as to the reliability of our house, and that our business is conducted in the fairest and most legitimate manner possible, and that we give greater value for the money than can be obtained in any other way.

All goods damaged or broken in transportation replaced without charge.

☞ Checks describing articles sold sent to agents in clubs at rates mentioned below. We guarantee every article to cost less than if bought at any Boston or New York wholesale house.

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Exceed those of every other establishment of the kind,—proof of this can be found in comparing our premiums with those of others FOR CLUBS OF THE SAME SIZE, in addition to which we claim to give better goods of the same character.

We will send to Agents free of charge,

For a Club of 30 and Three Dollars—One of the following articles: 1 doz. good linen Shirt Fronts. 1 set Solid Gold Studs. All Wool Cashmere for Pants. Fine white Counterpane, large size. 1 elegant Balmoral Skirt. 20 yards brown or bleached Sheeting, good quality, yard wide. 1 elegant 100 Picture Morocco-bound Photo. Album. 1 double lens Stereoscope and 12 Foreign Views. 1 silver plated engraved 5 bottle Castor. 1 elegant Silk Fan, with Ivory or Sandal Wood Frame, feathered edge and spangled. 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork, very best quality, ivory balanced handle. 1 handsome beaded and lined Parasol. 20 yds. good Print. 1 very fine Damask Table Cover. 1 pr. best quality Ladies' Serge Congress Boots. 1 doz. fine Linen Towels. Half doz. Rogers' best Silver Dessert Forks. 1 Ladies' large real Morocco Travelling Bag. 1 fancy dress pattern. Half doz. elegant Silver plated engraved Napkin Rings. 1 doz. Ladies' fine Merino or Cotton Stockings. Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring. 1 pr. Ladies' high cut Balmoral Boots. 1 elegant Delaine Dress Pattern. 1 Violin and Bow, in box complete. 1 set Jewelry, pin, ear drops, and sleeve buttons.

For a Club of 50 and Five Dollars—1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern. 1 set Lace Curtains. 1 pr. all Wool Blankets. Engraved Silver plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor. 1 beautiful Writing Desk. 1 solid Gold Scarf Pin. 3¼ yds. very fine Cassimere for Pants and Vest. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives with silver plated Forks. 1 elegant Satin Parasol, heavily headed and lined with silk. 1 pr. gents' Calf Boots. 20 yds. good Print. 20 yds. good brown or bleached Sheeting, yard wide or 40 yds. ¾ yd. wide, good quality. 1 ladies' elegant Morocco Travelling Bag. 1 square Wool Shawl. 1 plain Norwich Poplin Dress pattern. 1¾ yds. dou. width cloth for ladies' cloak. Elegant engraved Silver plated Tea Pot. 3 yds. double width water proof cloth for cloaking.

For a Club of 100 and Ten Dollars—1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress pattern. 1 pair fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match. 1 pair gents French Calf Boots. 1 heavy silver planted engraved Ice Pitcher. Very fine all Wool Cloth for Ladies' Cloak. 1 web very best quality brown or bleached Sheeting. 7¾ yds. fine Cassimere for suit. 1 elegant Poplin Dress pattern. 1 beautiful English Berage Shawl. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives and Forks. 1 ladies or gents' Silver Hunting-case Watch. 1 Bartlett Hand, Portable Sewing Machine. Splendid Family Bible, steel engravings, with record and photograph pages. 35 yds. good Hemp Carpeting, good colors. 1 pair good Marseilles Quilt. 1 good 6 barrel Revolver. 1 elegant fur muff and cape. 1 single barrel Shot Gun. 1 Silver plated, engraved, 6 bottled Revolving Castor, cut glass bottles. 1 very fine Violin and Bow, in case. 1 set Ivory balanced Knives and Forks.

Presents for larger clubs increase in the same ratio.

Send Money by Registered Letter.

Catalogue of Goods sent to any address **free.**

PARKER & CO.,

oct10-4t Nos. 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,

jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

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oct10-4t

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PRO AND CON.

I.—THE SMOKER.

Sometimes the big world vexes me,
Sometimes dull care perplexes me;
  Sometimes on the sea of life
Such storms around me cluster,
And roar and rave and bluster,
  I seem to sink in the strife.
No matter! There's always truce
  In the heat of the wildest war;
At least I dream or think so,
  As I smoke my first cigar.

Sometimes when nothing ails me,
Except that the money fails me,
  I envy the rich in their pride;
Though their only obvious merit
Is the gold that they inherit,
  And couldn't earn if they tried;
But quietly after dinner
  I banish such thoughts afar.
What do I care for fortune
  As I smoke my second cigar?

Sometimes, in the heartless city,
I think it a shame and pity
  That cash and virtue are one;
That to swindle for shillings seems awful,
While to plunder for millions is lawful,
  If only successfully done.
But why should I mend its morals,
  Or call the world to my bar?
I've dined, and I wish to be quiet—
  I'll smoke my third cigar!

II.—THE TOBACCO HATER.

Upon his mouth may curses fall,
  May it be dead to savor,
May all his fruits turn cinders dry,
  And all his wines lose flavor;
May bread be sawdust in his jaws,
  His teeth grow loose and black, oh!
And all his sweets turn bitter sour—
  The wretch who chews tobacco!

Upon his nose may curses light,
  May odors never charm it;
May garden flowers and woods and bowers
  Yield noxious scents to harm it;
May all Arabia's spice exhale
  Foul gas to make him suffer,
Who makes a dusthole of his nose—
  The vile tobacco snuffer.

May never lady press his lips,
  His proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
  And keeps its chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
  For fear his fumes might choke her,
And none but girls who smoke themselves
  Have kisses for a smoker!

SUBTRACTION.

PAT.—"Why, what's the matter wid ye, Andrew?"

ANDREW.—"E——eh! A've had aic a Fa'! Toom'le'd doon aff a ladder, mun, seeven or eigh-ht feet!"

PAT.—"Be jabers! that wasn't far for ye to fall. Shure and you're six feet high yourself!!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Beginning to Believe.

"Bubbles," of the California Golden Era, gets off the following:—

I begin to believe, now-a-days, that money makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate with until you have gained everybody's confidence, then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging, and those who are humbugged have themselves to blame.

I begin to believe that a man was not made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of the individual—to keep money moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under the Government, with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

A Compliment—Over the Left.

One day a fashionable physician at some watering-place brought Dumas his album, and insisted upon a trifle from the Lion, who found himself fairly caught in the toils. Dumas wrote, and the smiling physician, nodding to his admiring friends, looked over the author's shoulder. Following Dumas's pen, he read:—

"So great is M. T.'s (the physician's name) skill, so marvellous his success, that since he has practiced in this place, three out of five hospitals have been pulled down as useless—" The physician, delighted with the flattery, interrupted him, protesting that the compliment was too great, was undeserved, and so forth. Dumas begged to be allowed to finish the sentence, and the permission being gladly given, he continued, "and in their stead it has been found necessary to build *two new cemeteries*." Dumas the younger was not asked to write in *this* album again.

What Number?

A six-foot Vermonter, on his first trip from the smoke of his father's chimney, put up at a first-class hotel, room on the fourth floor. While asleep, bootblack gets his boots, along with a number of others. About one o'clock he awoke, and wishing to go off, he began looking for them; but not finding them, out into the hall he went, and with both hands on his knees, commenced yelling at the top of his voice. The servants rushed out to see what was the matter, and getting to the scene of action, began to ask:

"What's the matter?"

"I want my boots," replied the Vermonter.

"What number?" inquired the servant, referring to the room.

Six-footer cries out, supposing they had reference to the size of his boots:

"Pegged heels and soles, number twelve!"

A Bad State of Society.

The late George Kendall, the founder of the New Orleans Picayune, was an exceedingly agreeable companion. He used to relate his adventures on the Santa Fe expedition with much glee, and in the most interesting manner. One of them was as follows:—

"After the capture of the party by a gang of Mexican marauders, the prisoners were chained in couples and driven inland, guarded by a body of armed men. Word was passed among the prisoners that they were all to be shot immediately. 'Can this be possible, Misther Kindall?' said the big Irishman to whom our friend was made fast. 'Quite likely,' was the quiet response. 'But, Misther Kindall,' rejoined Pat, '*isn't this a very extraordinary state of society?*'"

☞ A lady describing an ill-tempered man says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

A Very Good Little Boy.

Little Walter Draper is a very good little boy, according to all the rules laid down for good little boys. Last Sunday he asked his mother to go down to the Gould & Curry Reservoir, which his mother refused, on the ground of its being the Sabbath. Good little boys sometimes cry a little, and Walter began blubbering.

"Why, Walter," cried his mother, "I am astonished! The idea of your wishing to go down to the reservoir on the Lord's holy Sabbath to go swimming with a lot of bad little boys!"

"Boo hoo!" blubbers Walter, "I didn't want to go a swimmin' with 'em, ma; I only wanted to go down an' see the bad little boys get drownded for goin' a swimmin' a Sunday—boo hoo!"—*California paper.*

Too Much for the Bishop.

Bishop Hedden, speaking of the muddy travelling at the West, mentioned a case of Irish wit. The bishop was moving along in a gig, his horse in a slow walk, when an Irishman on foot overtook him.

"Good morning," said the bishop.

"Good morning, yer honor," replied Pat.

"You seem to have the advantage of me in your mode of travelling, my friend," continued the bishop.

"An' I'll swap with yer, if ye plase, sir," was the quick reply.

The bishop thought he was caught for that time, and concluded not to swap with Pat.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.—When any profane language was used in the presence of the Rev. Jonathan Scott, pointed reproof was sure to be given; but there was at once a peculiar delicacy in the management, as well as singular fidelity in the application of it.

An ostler at an inn in Coventry being about to do something for his horse, used some profane language, when the animal turning round to look at Mr. Scott, he improved the opportunity, and said to the ostler—

"Do you observe how my horse stares at you? He is not used to such bad words at home; he never hears an oath there, and he does not know what to make of it."

ONE THING AT A TIME.—"You may be as affectionate as you please, dear," said a wife to her husband, who was fond of her and wine too, "and you may smell of wine if you will; but please not smell of wine and be affectionate at the same moment. I value your affection too highly to allow you to disgust me with it."

The Game of "Lacrosse."

The following is a brief description of the Indian game of "Lacrosse," which is now coming into vogue. The sport is much more exciting than base ball, requiring more players and greater activity and skill. There are twelve players on each side. Two flags are placed six feet apart on staffs six feet high, and at a distance of one hundred and eighty yards two corresponding flags are fixed. The playing takes place between these two points. A small sponge India rubber ball is used. The object of the players is to drive the ball between the two flags of the opposing sides; and the men are stationed so that this can be done only by great skill and dexterity. To protect the goal there is a goal-keeper between the flags, who has the defence of the ground six feet in front of him, on which no player has a right to obtrude, unless while in the act of trying to drive the ball between the flags. Twelve inches from the goal is the "point" man, whose duty it is to keep the ball away; and twelve feet farther the "cover-point" man is stationed for a like purpose. Opposite the "point" man is placed one of the players of the opposite side, known as the "home" man, whose duty it is to knock the ball between the flags if it comes within his reach. The arrangement at the opposite side of the field is the same. The fielders are stationed at intervals in the centre of the field. Two of these men, whose duty it is to start the ball, are known as "facers."

The instrument used in this game is known as a "crosse." It has a slightly curved handle, with a large hook at the end, nearly the shape of a horse shoe. This is covered with tight network, and is used not only to strike the ball but to catch and carry it.

The ball having been started from the centre of the field, sixteen men immediately begin a struggle to drive it to different parts of the field, while four additional men join in the contest as soon as the ball approaches one of the goals. None of the players except the "goal man" is allowed to touch the ball with his hand. The latter can stop its progress with body, hands, or "crosse." After the ball has been started toward one side of the field, the effort to stop its farther progress often becomes very exciting, and, frequently, causes the players to lose their temper. It is much more attractive than base ball, because so many persons are constantly engaged in it, while great skill is frequently exhibited. Many tricks and cunning devices are resorted to for the purpose of putting the ball between the antagonist's flags. The game consists of three points out of five, and it frequently takes between three and four hours to play it.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

As I lay awake in the night,
  And heard the pattering rain,
Faintly I caught the rumbling sound
  Of the coming midnight train.

The world was murky and still,
  The air was loaded with damp,
And on the folds of the mist it came,
  The noise of this iron tramp.

Plunging through darkness and fog;
  Screaming its signals before;
Searching the night with its eye of flame,
  And filling the earth with its roar.

I know all the track, and could tell,
  By the sinking and swell of the sound,
When it darted through woods, or toiled up
    a grade,
  Or leaped o'er a bridge at a bound.

Now the sound floated free on the air;
  Now it died round the curve of a hill;
Now lost to the air in a deep rocky pass;
  But the mad thing was rushing on still.

Plunging through blackness and mist;
  Sending wild 'larums before;
Howling like demon of darkness let loose
  From Acheron's fiery shore.

And now all the windings are passed,
  And out it comes on to the plain,
Shaking the earth as it tears along
  Through the midnight blackness and rain.

Oh, that some forest chief,
  From his ancient woodland nest,
Might peer through the night, and catch the
    wild sight
  Of this monster troubling his rest.

Near and nearer it comes,
  Louder the crash and the roar,
Bearing its precious load of life,
  Two hundred souls and more.

Many their errands be:
  Some journey for traffic and gain,
Some go to the gloomy chambers of death,
  And some to the bridal train.

Here are eyes heavy with sleep,
  Here bright with the light of love,
In joy and in tears, with hopes and with
    fears,
  On through the darkness they move.

And now it goes by at a leap,
  Wild the weird flashes it throws!
Out of thick darkness it comes in its flight,
  And into thick darkness it goes.

Plunging through blackness and fog,
  Sending loud signals before,
Searching the night with its eye of flame,
  And filling the earth with its roar.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cattle Breeding in-and-in.

The following interesting observations on breeding in-and-in, are from Darwin's late work on "Animals and Plants under Domestication:"

"With *cattle* there can be no doubt that extremely close interbreeding may be long carried on, advantageously with respect to external character and with no manifestly apparent evil so far as constitution is concerned. The same remark is applicable to sheep. Whether these animals have gradually been rendered less susceptible than others to this evil, in order to permit them to live in herds—a habit which leads the old and vigorous to expel all intruders, and in consequence often to pair with their own daughters—I will not pretend to decide. The case of Bakewell's Longhorns, which were closely interbred for a long period, has often been quoted; yet Youatt says the breed 'had acquired a delicacy of constitution inconsistent with common management,' and that 'the propagation of the species was not always certain.' But the Shorthorns offer the most striking case of close interbreeding; for instance the famous bull, Favorite, (himself the offspring of a half-brother and sister from Foljambe,) was matched with his own daughter, grand-daughter, and great grand-daughter; so that the produce of this last union, or the great great-grand-daughter, had 15-16ths, or 73-75 per cent. of the blood of Favorite in her veins. This cow was matched with the bull Wellington, having 62.5 of Favorite blood in his veins, and produced Clarissa; Clarissa was matched with the bull Lancaster, having 68.75 of the same blood, and she yielded offspring. Nevertheless, Colling, who reared these animals, and was a strong advocate for close breeding, once crossed his stock with a Galloway, and the cows from this cross realized the highest prices. Bates's herd was esteemed the most celebrated in the world. For thirteen years he bred most closely in-and-in; but during the next seventeen years, though he had the most exalted notion of his own stock, he thrice infused fresh blood into his herd; it is said that he did this, not to improve the form of his animals, but on account of their lessened fertility. Mr. Bates's own view, as given by a celebrated breeder, was that 'to breed in-and-in from a bad stock was ruin and devastation; yet that the practice may be safely followed within certain limits when the parents so related are descended from first-rate animals.' We thus see that there has been extremely close interbreeding with shorthorns; but Nathusius, after the most careful study of their pedigrees, says that he can find no instance of a breeder who has strictly followed this practice during his whole life. From this study and his own experience, he concludes that close interbreeding is necessary to ennoble the stock; but that in effecting this the greatest care is necessary, on account of the tendency to infertility and weakness. It may be added, that another high authority asserts that many more calves are born cripples from shorthorns than from other and less closely interbred races of cattle.

"Although by carefully selecting the best animals (as Nature effectually does by the law of cattle) close interbreeding may be long carried on with cattle, yet the good effects of a cross between almost any two breeds is at once shown by the greater size and vigor of the offspring; as Mr. Spooner writes to me, 'crossing distinct breeds certainly improves cattle for the butcher.' Such crossed animals are of course no value to the breeder; but they have been raised during many years in several parts of England to be slaughtered; and their merit is now so fully recognized, that at fat-cattle shows a separate class has been formed for their reception. The best fat ox at the great show at Islington in 1862 was a crossed animal.

"The half-wild cattle which have been kept in British parks probably for 400 or 500 years, or even for a longer period, have been advanced by Culley and others as a case of long-continued interbreeding within the limits of the same herd without any consequent injury. With respect to the cattle at Chillingham, the late Lord Tankerville owned that they were bad breeders. The agent, Mr. Hardy, estimated (in a letter to me, dated May, 1861,) that in the herd of *about 50* the *average number annually* slaughtered, killed by fighting, and dying, is about ten, or one in five. As the herd is kept up to nearly the same average number, the annual rate of increase must be likewise about one in five. The bulls, I may add, engage in furious battles, of which battles the present Lord Tankerville has given a graphic description, so that there will always be rigorous selections of the most vigorous males. I procured in 1855 from Mr. D. Gardner, agent to the Duke of Hamilton, the following account of the wild cattle kept in the Duke's park in Lanarkshire, which is about 200 acres in extent. The number of cattle varies from 65 to 80; and the number annually killed (I presume by all causes) is from eight to ten; so that the annual rate of increase can hardly be more than one in six."

Items.

—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman is led to ask, does wheat bran diminish the quantity of milk when fed to cows? By the following facts:—on the first of September, he commenced feeding two favorite cows on wheat bran, six weeks after their calves, (then five weeks old,) had been taken from them; and although the pasture has daily increased in richness since the removal of the calves, the flow of milk from these cows has greatly decreased in quantity.

—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph says a few sprigs of gum or elder, fresh from the bush, if deposited in and about grain boxes will be an affective protection from rats and mice; also that the stalks and leaves of the common mullen will drive rats from their haunts.

—A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture says that sweet oil administered to a horse with botts will effect a cure.

—It has been stated by some one curious in statistics, that the whole amount of grain raised in New England each year would not supply its inhabitants six weeks.

—A statistician has figured out the arable land in the United States. It amounts to 52,000,000 farms of 100 acres each, or 8,320,000,000 acres.

—The Rural World recommends giving stock, especially those confined to stables, a sod of earth a foot square once a week, or what they will eat up clean.

RECEIPTS.

STEWED RABBIT.—Take and cut into two-inch pieces the fore part of a rabbit, cut also ¾ lb. of lean streaky bacon into one-inch dice; blanch the bacon for five minutes in boiling water, drain and fry it in a three-quart stewpan with an ounce of butter; when fried yellow take it out on a plate. Put the pieces of rabbit in the stewpan and fry them for ten minutes; dredge over two ounces of flour, and stew for two minutes; add one pint of red French wine and one pint of broth; boil and stew for five minutes, then strain through the colander; rinse the stewpan, put the pieces of rabbit back into it, and strain the same in through the pointed gravy strainer; add a faggot of herbs, the bacon, one piece of salt, and three small pinches of pepper; cover the stewpan, and simmer on the stove corner for twenty minutes; add twenty button onions, previously fried in butter, and simmer again till the onions are done. Five minutes before serving add a pottle of prepared mushrooms, take the faggot out, skim off the fat, cut up the pieces of rabbit, garnish round and serve.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 18, 19, 31, 9, 10, 23, is to make stupid.
My 2, 27, 28, 18, 17, 12, 28, 22, 29, is one who ascribes Divinity to God the Father only.
My 3, 15, 17, 20, is an animal.
My 4, 11, 32, 34, 14, 16, 22, 27, 26, 12, is a fortune teller.
My 5, 14, 28, 20, 19, 12, 30, 24, 32, 27, is a surgeon.
My 6, 17, 8, 28, 21, is furious or raging.
My 7, 29, 25, 15, 12, 33, 24, is inverted or contrary.
My whole is what many persons have done, and many more should do.

Bentonville, Indiana. O. MANLOVE.

Problem for the Boys.

Required—two numbers, such that if one be taken from the second and added to the first they shall be equal; but if one be taken from the first and added to the second the second shall be double the first.

W. W. W.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

Three bricks are placed upon one another at random, like they would be in a wall. Required—the probability that the pile will not fall down. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Find 3 such cube numbers that the sum of them may be both a square and cube.

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A certain fraction divided into 1-6th of itself will result to bring a fraction 5 times the value of itself. What is the fraction?

X.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When Apollo dipped Pan into the sea what did he come out like? Ans.—A dripping-pan.

☞ Why is a man looking for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Ans.—Because he is a seeking (sea-king) what never was.

☞ If a pair of spectacles could speak, what ancient historian would they name? Ans.—Eusebius (you see by us.)

☞ If a schoolboy just dogged told the cause of his tears, what other historian would he name? Ans.—Herodotus (a rod hit us.)

☞ What is that which is full of holes, and yet holds water? Ans.—A sponge.

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—Post. (The Saturday Evening Post.)

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 1st—14, 10, 4, 2. W. H. Morrow; 2, 6, 10, 14—J. M. Greenwood, F. M. Priest, T. Wilson, J. N. Soders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—2197-20825—A. Martin. The probability is 17—10632. F. M. Priest.

Answer to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM same date—32 years. W. T. Stonebraker, J. M. Greenwood, F. M. Priest, T. Wilson, J. N. Soders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Aug. 8th—992-9801. A. Martin.

Answer to W. F. L. Sanders's PROBLEM of Aug. 1st—1867. The length of the pieces are, 10.35 plus, 7.94 plus, and 6.09 plus feet, very nearly. E. P. Norton, W. F. L. Sanders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 8th—36 and 9. W. H. Morrow, F. M. Priest, J. N. Soders, S. S. Knox, and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Aug. 15th—10 inches. A. Martin, J. N. Soders, J. M. Greenwood. 13¼ inches nearly. F. M. Priest.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—365 oxen at $21 each. W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders, A. Reid, S. S. Knox, C. A. Benjamin, and J. M. Greenwood.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck of green tomatoes, thinly sliced, with skins on, and laid in a jar with salt between each layer, and remain over night; slice 14 large onions (eight will do,) half-pint of brown mustard seed, 1 oz. ground black pepper, 1 oz. cloves, 1 oz. allspice, mix all well together, then put into a preserving kettle, a layer of the tomatoes (that have been well drained from the salt,) onions and mixed spices until the kettle is full, cover them with good vinegar and let them stew or simmer gently for two or three hours, until they are *tender*, then cover them up in jars, and when cold add salad oil, which not only makes them mellow, but excludes the air; 1 lb. of sugar, or to taste. These are excellent.

PRESERVING DAMSONS.—Pick the stalks from the damsons, and to every pound of fruit allow 6 oz. of pounded loaf sugar; strew half the quantity over them, and set them in an exceedingly cool oven; let them remain until they begin to crack, take them out, and leave them in the pots for a few days, then turn them out, and add the remainder of the sugar; bake again as before, then bottle them, and tie down with bladder. This is an excellent way of preserving sour plums for dessert, only allowing 1 lb. of sugar to every 1 lb. of fruit. Damsons may also be preserved with equal weight of fruit and sugar.

A VERY good and simple method for preserving damsons. Procure stone jars holding 8 or 9 lbs., and, if possible, equal size top and bottom. Let the fruit be quite dry and sound. Weigh 3 lbs. into the jar, and strew 18 oz. of sugar over it. Continue this till the jar be full, shaking it after each layer for the fruit and sugar to get mixed. Tie brown paper over, and put it in a rather cool oven till the fruit has sunk three or four inches. When cool put a piece of white paper on the top of the fruit, into which a small forked stick has been inserted; then pour melted mutton suet over the paper half an inch thick; tie it well down. The stick will enable you to raise the crust of fat without breaking it when you wish to use the fruit.